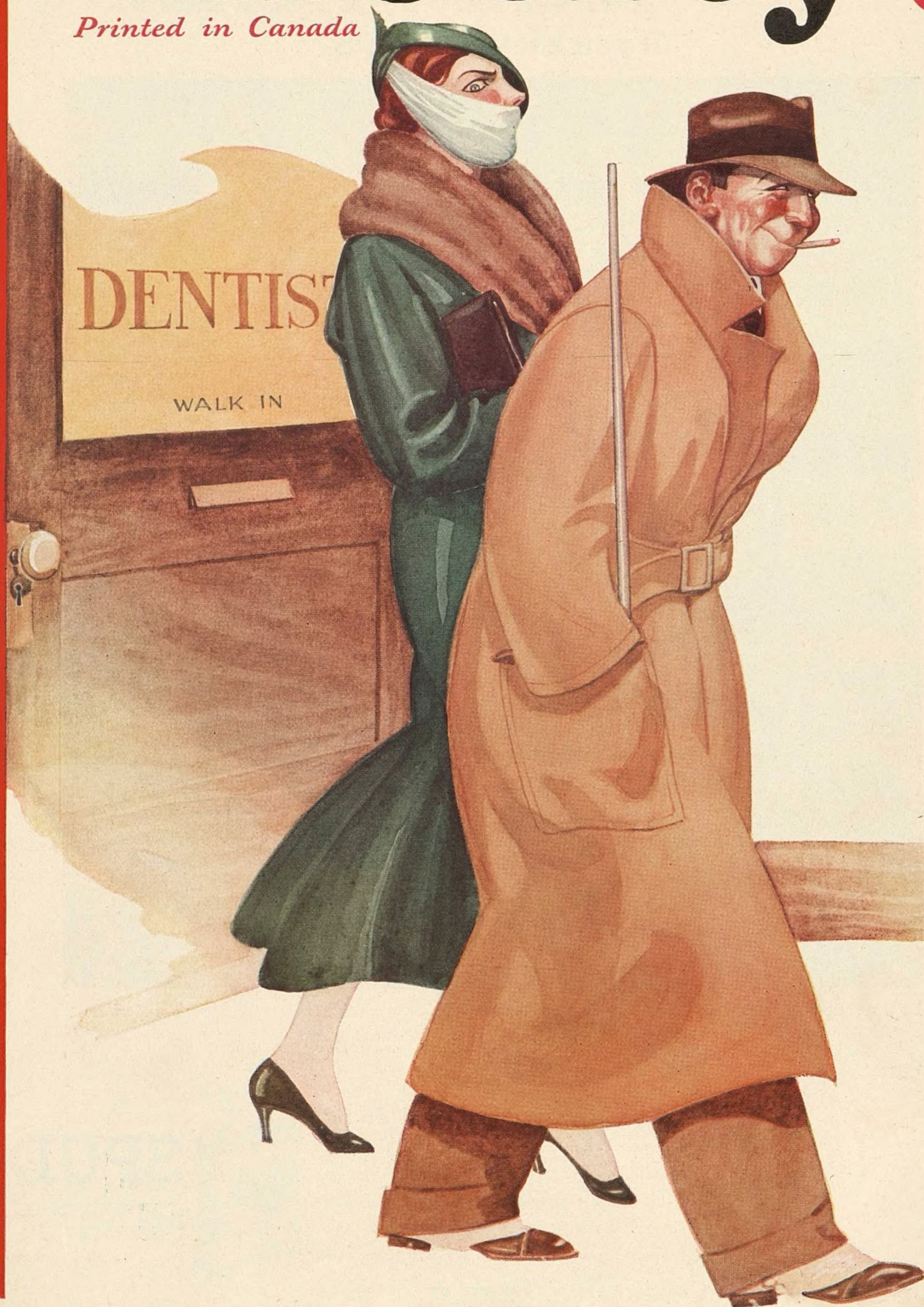


BRIGHT GIRL - A NOVEL BETTER THAN BAD GIRL BY VINA DELMAR

JUNE 2,
1934

Liberty 5¢

Printed in Canada



WHAT THE JEWS WANT FROM HITLER by A. G. HAYS

Race your Cigarettes!

You'll still keep a fresh, cool mouth,
if you keep to SPUDS



Do you smoke one after another...just lazing away a holiday? That's a grand time to know Spud's fresh-as-April taste!

How does Spud do it?

It's menthol that makes Spud cool...but not menthol in the *smoke*. The menthol does its work in the cigarette...by simply *cooling* the smoke. So what Spud gives you is just pure tobacco goodness...*with the heat taken out*.



SPUD
MENTHOL-COOLED
CIGARETTES
25c THE PACKAGE

ROCK CITY TOBACCO CO., LIMITED, QUEBEC

Whiter Teeth *QUICK!*

that's even more important than the 25¢ price

When you try Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll discover why so many people prefer it. You'll discover, for one thing, the speedy way this dentifrice cleanses. We use a modern polishing agent. It gets film and stains off the teeth with surprisingly little brushing. Teeth become whiter after only a few days' use. Soft and gentle, this polishing agent cannot possibly harm the teeth in any way.

Then—this 25¢ dentifrice certainly does give teeth a handsome lustre and polish. Again and again, people—particularly women—remark

upon the way it makes teeth glisten.

Also—Listerine Tooth Paste has an unusually refreshing effect upon the mouth and gums—in this respect it is just what you'd expect of a Listerine product. After you brush your teeth with it, your mouth feels thoroughly "washed"—assurance of a purer, sweeter breath.

Begin your test of Listerine Tooth Paste soon. Results are what count! If you find this tooth paste better than the one you are using now, you'll welcome the saving it brings you. Try either the 25¢ size—or the new 40¢ size containing *twice* as much. Lambert Pharmacal Company, Toronto, Ont.



(above)
FORMER LEAGUE BALL PLAYER, Curtiss W. Scoville is now a business man of Albany, N. Y. He likes Listerine Tooth Paste because "it gets the stains off my teeth quickly."



"KING KONG" AND "SON OF KONG" added to the reputation of Edward Linden, their chief cinematographer. "I have used Listerine Tooth Paste in my travels and at home," he says. "It has always satisfied me because it cleans quick."

A HARD WORKER, John Vassos likes a dentifrice which gets prompt results—Listerine Tooth Paste. Mr. Vassos is a designer whose architectural interiors have won wide recognition.

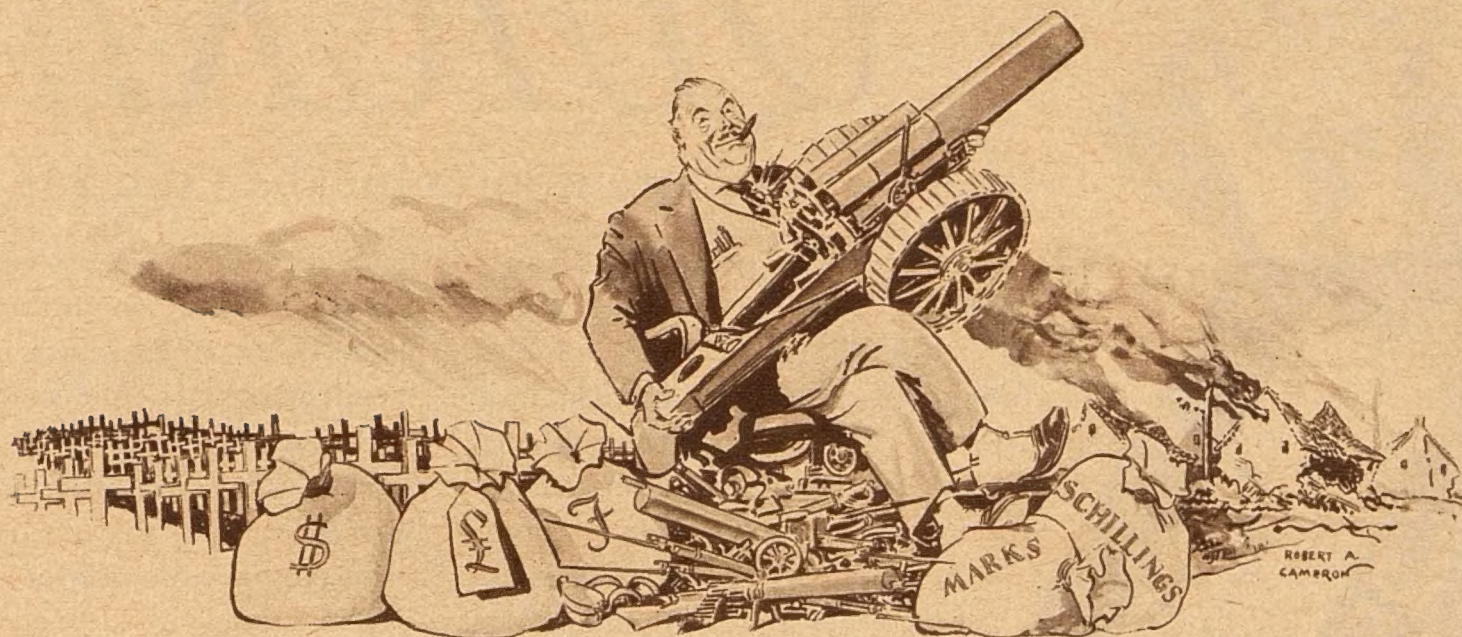


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PROFITS ABOVE PATRIOTISM



IN a world burdened with colossal debts one business has consistently prospered—that of the armament maker.

Throughout the last ten years exports of arms and munitions totaled more than \$500,000,000. And world shipments are on the increase year by year. The great god Mars is regaling himself on royal fare while millions verge upon starvation.

The World War scarcely ended before the armament makers went to work again. In 1921 a League of Nations commission had been appointed to investigate the private manufacture of arms. Thus, within three years of the armistice, we learned through this commission that "munitions manufacturers have organized international rings through which armament races have been accentuated."

The plight of the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker has invited our deepest sympathy during the recent lean years. How fared the poor armament maker when other types of business were tumbling in ruins all around him?

In the Japanese Diet a short time ago one member pointed with pride to the munitions industry of that country as being "the most prosperous in Japan at the moment." And jot these further facts down in your memory: Japan's imports of firearms jumped almost 900 per cent from 1931 to 1933. Imports of "special steels" leaped over 500 per cent.

The all-powerful Comité des Forges de France is the guiding genius back of 150 armament makers. Its sinews are strengthened by the gold of Europe's leading banking houses with which its interests are interwoven. Its dividends are stupendous.

The armament maker has nothing in common with his more pacific though less prosperous business contemporary. The average business must constantly fight competition. The arms manufacturer not only courts competition—he must spend every

spare moment in creating it. Other types of business utilize advertising to sell their wares. He employs propagandists, fiery demagogues and super-patriots being chiefly preferred. The little boy who walked about with a chip on his shoulder and then ducked out of sight at the first sign of trouble makes an ideal armament propagandist as soon as he attains political office or a convenient soap box.

The armament maker is above patriotism. With him profits come first and last. How can we forget the shameful fact that during the South African War thousands of British Tommies were slaughtered with English-made rifles in the hands of the Boers? And in the World War the fiendishly efficient guns which mowed down the Australians at Gallipoli were manufactured in Britain.

Fate has played some grim jests on our long-suffering generation. The stupidity of pseudo-statesmen brought on a four-year orgy of blood and hatred. Then the fact that this gory melodrama cost the world the equivalent of \$20,000 for every hour since the birth of Christ brought on the economic debacle of 1929. And now it seems as if Fate is reserving her last and cruelest jest of all—the resurrected urge to slaughter, fomented by the arch-enemy of peace, the armament maker.

Let's drop the type of adolescent thinking which regards war in the abstract. Too many of us complacently think of the next war as affecting the rest of humanity, but which will in some miraculous fashion leave us personally unscathed. A shot fired in Serbia ricocheted throughout every Canadian home, leaving a trail of intensely personal suffering in its wake. If you consider war in the future you must consider the personal rôles which you and your loved ones will be called upon to assume. Fight war, not as an abstract evil affecting others, but as a real and terrible personal enemy.

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"You can't scare Me
with tales of pyorrhea!"

Now let the Dentist speak

Lovely young womanhood has other things to worry about—ruining a frock, perhaps, or crumpling a fender, or whether a certain weekend party will turn out well. But when it comes to pyorrhea, the motto seems to be, "Let the dentist do the worrying!"

And that's the truth. Perhaps your dentist *is* doing the worrying about some nice, clean, white teeth which *you* are carefully brushing every day. For the dentist knows (and will tell you if you give him a chance) that the clean, white teeth are likely to be the teeth destined to be undermined by the stealthy *gum disease*, pyorrhea. In some cases, it takes

years before it really shows. Nobody but a dentist can detect its presence during this stage.

Talk to your dentist! Let him talk to you! Don't use him just for repair work, emergency work. Give him a chance to give you *real* professional service, *prevention* service. Probably he is doing far more of this kind of work than you dream of, for progressive dentists are finding that fully *half the adult teeth* lost are due to this gum disease.

Talk to your dentist! You will no doubt find that in his practice, he is using Dr. R. J. Forhan's special treatment, for Dr. Forhan's name is the most famous in pyorrhea history. He devoted 26 years to pyorrhea research and practice. His chair treatment is obtainable only by members of the dental pro-

fession, but his *home treatment* formula is embodied in Forhan's Toothpaste, known from the Atlantic to the Pacific wherever people give serious thought and serious care to their teeth and gums.

Don't wait for bleeding gums! Don't give pyorrhea a foothold! Go in for cleansing *plus* protection. Get the double-duty toothpaste in the big brown tube—it's *Forhan's*. Pleasant, effective, economical—for adults and children. Follow directions. All druggists have it. Made in Canada. Forhan's, Ltd., Ste. Therese, P. Q.

*Serious thought about teeth
and gums leads to the use of*
Forhan's

beginning the story of a heroine
who was man crazy

Bright Girl

READING TIME • 28 MINUTES 2 SECONDS

**A NOVEL BETTER
THAN BAD GIRL**

PART ONE

THE BOY FROM NEXT DOOR

THEY named her Kelvin because it was grandmother's maiden name. They had promised to call the child Kelvin. They were that certain of a boy. When they found they had a girl they named her Kelvin anyhow. Grandmother expected it. They had not said, "If we have a boy." They had said, "We will name the child Kelvin." Mama thought she would like to call the baby either Audrey or Oriole, but Grandmother recalled the phraseology of the promise and so the baby was named Kelvin.

Almost at once Daddy began to call her Kay. It wasn't smart then to be called Kay. It wasn't tricky. It wasn't anything except Daddy's way of apologizing for the name Kelvin. He knew she wouldn't like it, and shyly he offered the substitute name.

Before she was five years old she knew that Daddy offered everything shyly. He was always quite certain that you wouldn't want the thing he had to give, but that he would be most grateful to you if you took it. He gave you books and candy and toys and little ermine neck pieces and tiny pink clocks and beautiful dolls, and he gave them not because you needed them but because he felt so badly the need to give them to you.

Before she was eight she knew that he hated crowds of people and making decisions and eating rabbits and eels or snails or frogs' legs. She knew he had quit going to business because he had always despised business and had suddenly realized that he and his family could live indefinitely in quiet comfort on what he had earned.

Before she was ten she knew that her father loved her more than he loved anybody else on earth, and that he would willingly—though perhaps shyly—cut Mama's throat if the crime would bring one second's happiness to little Kay.

She knew more about him. Much more. Things that she didn't even know she knew. His footsteps, his quiet laughter, how to look past his easy grin and tell when he was angry. A million things she knew about him.

He taught her how to read, how to ride a bicycle, and how to play poker. She didn't know that most little girls couldn't play poker.

He told her that he had been to the Spanish-American War, and she stared at him in awed amazement. She told him that if he ever went to another war she would die of worry, and his eyes reflected her awed amazement.

In the hour just before the sun set they would take the dogs for a run through the woods. They had some of their best talks then. The air was fresh and sweet and there was a beautiful hush over the whole world. They

by
**VINA
DELMAR**

would talk of books and people and distant places and games and food and holidays. Neither of them in any way hinted that one's best talking was done away from Mama.

They would come to smooth green clearings in the woods and Kay would say that perhaps it was the place where the fairy queen held court. She hadn't believed in fairies since she was four or five, but she didn't want Daddy to know that she didn't. She was afraid it would hurt him to see that she was growing up and deserting the lovely silver-spired fairy kingdom which they had built together.

They talked of how they hated people who shouted, people who got mad over nothing, people who cheated at games, people who told pointless stories, people who coughed in your face, people who didn't like anything unless they thought of it themselves. They made a game of it. First Kay would say, "People who mistreat animals"; then Daddy would say, "People who bite their nails." And once Daddy said, "People." That's all he said. Just "People."

The walks were fun, only it was years before Kay knew just how much fun they had been.

In later years when she thought of Daddy she was often to picture his face a blur of white in the purple-blue dusk. That was on account of the evening that the Robinson children visited. There were four Robinson children. They sat on the veranda and howled for ice cream, cake, firecrackers, hot chocolate, or anything they could get. When nothing was forthcoming they took to vaulting the veranda rail and landing below in a bed of prize dahlias. Daddy got up and walked toward the bench beneath the grapevine. The Robinsons were Mama's friends, and besides, Daddy had a headache. Suddenly one of the Robinson girls got hurt. She hadn't cleared the rail perfectly and down she went, out of control, into the dahlias. Daddy heard the gasp from the veranda. He saw the



ILLUSTRATIONS BY
JAMES WHITEHOUSE FLAGG

She might have become a great educator. But a darkly handsome wise-cracking young drug clerk changed all that, and Kelvin Bronson suddenly found herself facing the battle of life alone, with only her youth, beauty, and brilliance to see her through.

white huddle among the flowers. His voice, strained and breathy, came through the dusk: "Is that you, Kay?"

She answered swiftly, "No, Daddy. I'm all right."

He went on walking toward the grapevine. He never came to see what had happened to the other child. Only Kay mattered. Standing there under the stars she suffered a moment of shame for him. The Robinsons must think him very selfish and unfeeling. Then quite suddenly she wasn't ashamed any more. She was full of a new enveloping admiration. He had been honest. He had turned his back on the Robinsons' trouble and on Mama's world of "How are you?" "Oh, I'm so sorry. Is there anything I can do?" He didn't care what happened to any one except his little girl, and his retreating form in the dusk said that he didn't. It was wonderful. It was thrilling. He had given a new set of manners to the world. Now you could say to people, "Your mother died? Well, what's the odds? She wasn't much good anyhow." Or, "I'm not sorry you're sick. I never liked you." People would be different now. Natural and honest and real.

But Daddy's new set of manners weren't generally accepted. People went right on saying things that they didn't mean and doing things they didn't want to do.

Kay noticed it when Daddy took sick. She was fourteen then and noticing a lot of things. She knew a great deal by that time. Everything, almost, that Daddy knew. She knew the people who hated him, and she did not answer them when they asked about his health. She knew what books he liked, and she read to him till her young voice was husky and her throat tight and sore. She knew that he hated the crisp elderly nurses that Mama had hired for him, and she forgot school and remembered only to stay within that quiet room and to keep a smile ready.

She learned how to assert herself against paid attendants and how to pit her own will against her mother's. She learned how it felt to go bathless and fully clothed for twenty days. She learned how to read a thermometer, how to minimize a fear without insulting a sick man's intelligence, and how to bear without screaming the dark nights so full of pitiful agonized groans.

ALL these things she learned. All these things she bore. But she was not there when Daddy died. She was strolling through the woods with Jimmy Kerr, the boy from next door. And while Daddy's eyes were eagerly searching the room for one last look at his little girl, she was hearing for the first time that she was "kind of pretty and that a fellow kind of likes a girl who isn't dumb and giggling."

It was cruel of the nurse to tell her that Daddy had looked for her. It was cruel of Mama to say that she was always underfoot until she was wanted. They put Kay to bed after the nurse and Mama had had plenty of time to tell her how pitiful Daddy's eyes were as they searched the room for her. The doctor came to her and found her very ill. He wouldn't let her see Daddy, nor did she go to the funeral. She was sick in bed four weeks. She was so run down by her sick-room vigil, her grief and self-reproach, that it was months before she was really back to normal.

Once during her darkest and most fevered day she had murmured to Daddy, "And people who are needlessly cruel."

Still, when she saw Jimmy Kerr for the first time after her illness she walked up to him and slapped him painfully right across the nice clean face that had lighted up at sight of her.

"Kay, what's the matter with you? What did I do?"

She ran so that she couldn't see his hurt, puzzled expression. She was afraid she would dream about it. But she looked back and saw that he had thrown himself despondently on the ground, and to her surprise there was no lightening of her heart, but instead a new misery gripped her.

So at fourteen Kay Bronson had learned, among a host of other things, that revenge doesn't make you happy, and that a good-looking male saying the right words is hashish. All day long she suffered because she couldn't take away from Jimmy Kerr his moment of sorrow. And so at fourteen she had also learned the folly of ever looking back.

MAMA was going around with Leonard Walters. She laid aside her mourning, for one cannot mourn forever and she was still a young and lovely woman.

Kay heard the talk that Mama and Leonard were in love. It was very romantic. The whole town was saying so. Kay didn't think it was romantic. She looked at Leonard Walters and she looked at Mama. She saw two handsome healthy humans. They wanted each other.



All right, they wanted each other. Why did they kid themselves and each other about romance? Did humans always have to see pretty pictures before they could gather the courage to go on? First it was Santa Claus, and later it was romance. You lived on bunk from the cradle to the grave.

Leonard told her that he and Mama were getting married on the fifteenth. Kay had expected Mama to tell her, but Mama evidently had no taste for the job, so Leonard for the first time faced one of Mama's great responsibilities.

He trapped Kay on the back stairs as she was running to her room. There were guests in the front part of the house and she had wanted to miss them. Leonard had been watching for her to come from school. He presented a beaming smile.

"You know I'm very fond of you," he said.

"Are you?"

"Yes, very fond of you and fond of your mother. But I imagine you guessed that. I've been underfoot enough, haven't I?" He laughed loudly but not long. He had expected her to laugh but was disappointed by the gravity of the glance which she continued to turn upon him.

"Kay, you know what? Your mother and I are going to be married. Do you mind?"

"Why should I mind? It's none of my business."

"Now you're taking the wrong attitude. It is your business. We want you to approve."

Now Kay laughed, and he was puzzled. He looked at her for a moment and realized that he did not know this Kay Bronson, this solemn-faced fifteen-year-old girl who was to be his daughter. He saw her tawny hair and brown eyes and her slender form in its black-velvet-and-Scotch-plaid outfit. He saw her long thin hands and her straight white teeth and her pale, golden face, but none of these things were Kay Bronson. Was the thing that was Kay Bronson worth finding? He thought of Clyde Bronson, the young eccentric who had been her father. Maybe there was something to the girl. Some quality of that strange man who had stopped working at thirty-five merely because he had enough money.

And during that moment Kay looked at Leonard Walters. He was handsome but he would soon be fat. He had nice blue eyes and the good advertising-poster smile that helped a man in business. Decent enough chap, Kay supposed, but she, too, was thinking of Clyde Bronson.

The moment passed. Leonard stirred. He decided that there was nothing to know about the girl.

"We're getting married on the fifteenth," he said.

Kay nodded. She had known that from Alice Nevins, whose father was a caterer. Leonard walked away. Then she heard her mother's voice raised in anxious query:

"What did she say, Leonard?"

Kay ran to her room. It was not only dishonest to eavesdrop, it was painful.

THERE were no slip-ups. Mama and Leonard were married on the fifteenth and Leonard moved in. He didn't take Daddy's room. It was too far from Mama's.

Three at the table again and Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Walters going here, there, and everywhere. They were popular. Mama bloomed under the popularity and looked no more than twenty-five. Leonard was the husband for her, all right. Kay wondered if they knew how happy they were, or if they were saying to each other, "Won't it be marvelous when we can do so-and-so?" It would be just like them not to know that it was marvelous now, and that pretty soon it would begin to grow less marvelous, and that suddenly without any signal or warning they would be just an average couple facing middle life.

Kay's days flowed along unchanged. She went to school and came home. She went to parties and came home. She turned sixteen and then seventeen, and now she and Leonard didn't speak to each other.

Kay had had no dreadful scene with Leonard which had ended in a lifelong enmity. It was just that they couldn't talk without wrangling. He had found much in her that he couldn't stomach. Bronsonisms, he called her logic, her honesty, her clarity of vision. He wanted to talk to his womenfolk on automobiles, wars, politics, or Wall Street and have his womenfolk turn to him with timid questions which he could answer, and foolish fears which he could brush aside. He didn't like the unfeminine type of girl who turned to books for the answers to her questions and who had no foolish fears.

Once he had said to his business partner,



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Kay was telling herself the truth. If you wanted to be a fool, he'd be glad to help you. Jessie was disgusted.

"I am living with the ghost of Clyde Bronson and I don't like it."

"Well, somebody else'll like it. Clyde's ghost is a mighty good number."

It wouldn't have surprised Kay to hear that she was a good number. She was aware of being exceptionally good-looking. And if her mirror had not convinced her that she was beautiful she would have learned it from the young men of the town. They did not keep her phone ringing because she had graduated from high school with every scholastic honor that it was possible to win. They did not want to take her driving, rowing, or tobogganing because tremendous intellectual achievements had been predicted for her. Kay knew.

For part of the summer after her graduation Kay went out on dates. Many of them. It was nice to dress up in pretty clothes and to dance or to go driving, but she was not certain that the game was worth the candle. The boys were all so distressingly like young Leonards. They knew so little. Stupid jokes, pride in their driving, baseball scores, basketball. If you said anything that might just border on an intelligent observation they stared at you. Jimmy Kerr wasn't as bad as the rest. He talked very little but what he said was decent enough conversation. Kay liked him because he had never once mentioned the blow which she had given him when they were kids. She liked to think that now he understood all about it. Perhaps he did.

There was another boy who had taken her home one evening and had kissed her. She let him because she was curious, but she had broken from his embrace after the first kiss and had run away. She wasn't curious any more. She knew now. It was dangerous because you liked it. More hashish. It was dangerous because Nature had designed it so. It was a device for keeping the world populated. It was a clever device, too, Nature had gone far with her little invention. Two pairs of lips pressed ecstatically close together. Two pairs of eyes drooping in blissful swoon. Pulses pounded, and presently you were lost because your body was on Nature's side and your mind gave up against such unfair odds. You made a fool of yourself because of that kiss, that little scheme of Nature's that people called romance because they were too stupid to see that it was a trick.

Kay stopped having dates. She began to go with Jessie Ryland. Jessie was an old maid. Not that she was of an age where the chance of marriage had passed. She was only eighteen, but Jessie Ryland had been an old maid at seven. She was prim, unattractive, and sexless. She understood nothing but regular living and hard common sense. She believed in planning one's life carefully and then sticking to the plan. Jessie's plan was to teach school.

THE town wondered what Kay found to like in Jessie Ryland. Jessie wondered, too. She was too humbled by this flattering friendship to see that she was the only one who could give Kay what she wanted—conversation, stimulating argument, and opinions which you could respect even if you didn't accept them. The gay youngsters who had been Kay's friends faded from her life. She had refused the girls because they were shallow and meaningless. She refused the boys because they were shallow and meaningless, too, and because no matter how smart you were you could be outsmarted by the silliest of them. That was Nature again. Nature was on the man's side. You stayed home and Jessie came over, and for fun you helped her draw up a plan for a model private school for children from six to fourteen.

However, Kay didn't refuse Jimmy Kerr. He asked so seldom for a date and he wasn't stupid, but somehow he hadn't learned yet that you could ask for kisses and sometimes get them. Either he hadn't learned, or else Kay was like a sister to him. She wondered and finally tested the sister theory. She asked him to take Jessie along to the country-club dance.

"Nobody asks her anywhere, Jimmy. I'm sorry for her."

It was true. He regarded her as he might his sister. He didn't sulk or try to shake Jessie. Apparently he didn't care to have Kay all to himself. Either that or else he was a gentleman.

The summer ended and the fall came. Jessie Ryland started to go to the teachers' training college and Kay Bronson went along. People were surprised. Kay Bronson a teacher! How would her beauty and spirit ever fit in with the public-school system?

In the privacy of the upstairs sitting room Leonard demanded these things of Mama. He didn't want Kay teaching school. How would she meet men? How would she find a husband who would marry her and take her somewhere, anywhere away from Leonard?

But Leonard still didn't know Kay. He didn't know Kay at all and he didn't know Billy Warren.

BILLY WARREN was the clerk down at Gridley's drug store. He was tall, dark, and handsome. That's the way the girls described him as they powdered their noses and thought hard of something to buy at the drug store. He was new in town and Mr. Gridley was his uncle. Not that that meant anything. Mr. Gridley paid Billy a clerk's wages only and Billy lived as best he could on them.

Billy was twenty-four and flirty. He liked pretty girls, and on his salary they had to like him. Kay Bronson had seen him on his second day at Gridley's. He had noticed her, too. He asked questions about her. The soda jerker told him that she was studying to be a school-teacher. That was all right. But the girl who sold perfumes and make-up said that she was only studying for fun, because her family had loads of money. That was bad. Girls with loads of money weren't usually easy.

However, Kay came back to the drug store the same evening and stood talking to him for fifteen minutes about the weather. Billy walked home whistling that night. It was a good start in a strange town.

Kay wasn't happy. She hated herself for having gone back to talk to the drug clerk. She was telling herself the truth. He had black wavy hair and his eyes were bold and hot, and if you wanted to be a fool he'd be glad to help you.

She had hoped to wrestle with the problem of Billy Warren all by herself, but Jessie Ryland became fully aware of the situation. Kay's many visits to the drug store, her glances through the window were all too plain.

Jessie was thoroughly disgusted. Strangely enough, she, poor scrawny creature, subscribed to the romance theory. But this, she maintained, was not romance. A cheap drug clerk with grasping hands and eager eyes. He'd take anybody. Couldn't Kay see that? He had a cheap soul.

"I'm not interested in his soul," Kay said.

"You'll go to the dogs with an attitude like that."

Kay shook her head. "Only dumb-bells go to the dogs."

Jessie was worried for Kay. This Warren wasn't high-school stuff. He wasn't afraid of his mother or of Kay's mother or of the town's displeasure.

Poor Jessie lay awake all one night trying to think up some plan or project that would take Kay's mind off this silly "crush" of hers. And while Jessie was tossing on her narrow bed Kay was out with Billy Warren. She was riding along the lake front in his little car that was so startlingly like himself. Cheaply smart. Big show with nothing with which to back it up. Ballyhoo. Bunk. Kay knew.

"Jeez, you're a cute kid! Where have you been all my life."

Kay winced. Why didn't he keep quiet? You wanted to get out and walk when he spoke those shoddy witticisms. If he were silent you could enjoy the perfect profile, the feel of his arms around you, his yearning eyes.

She said, "Why don't you shut up?"

"Huh?"

"Yes, I mean it. You're handsome, do you know it? You probably do. You're stupid though. Why advertise it? Keep quiet until you have to speak, and then don't try to be funny."

"Jeez, you got a hell of a nerve to pull that high-and-mighty stuff!"

"I suppose so, but it hurts me to hear you talk stupidly. It's like seeing a beautiful picture in a ten-cent frame. Do you see what I mean?"

"Yeh, well, you school-teachers got funny ideas."

"I'm not a school-teacher yet."

"Well, let's not fight. Do you like me?"

"Yes."

He stopped the car. "Give me a little kiss?"

"No."

"Say, you're a bum sport. After we've patched up an argument and everything."

But she didn't kiss him. Not that time, nor the next time, nor the time after that. Once he said rather wistfully, "I guess it don't make any difference if you keep turning me down. I'll always come back to get turned down again."

She had known before that he was in love with her. Or at least that he was experiencing that ache known as being in love. She knew what love was to a fellow like Billy Warren. It was strictly physical. It had to be, for he never really knew the mind, or what Jessie called the soul, of his beloved. First, last, and always he was motivated by desire. His married life would be a pitiful, unbalanced period. Arguments, reproaches, and accusations shot through with occasional noisy bursts of happiness. He would be unfaithful and repentant, faithful and irritable.

Kay shook herself. Why did she think such things? How did she know such things? She liked Billy. He had toned down for her. He didn't talk so much. She said to herself, "I'm not being fooled. I know all about Billy. But he's not dumb. He just wasn't lucky enough to get an education."

And the next time he bemoaned his tiny salary she asked him, "Would you marry me if you had money?"

He laughed. "Kay, don't talk about getting married. I ain't got a dime."

"I know it, but I think my folks would pay you to take me off their hands."

"Gosh, Kay!" He looked at her with wonderment in his eyes. For one brief second the conceit and accompanying confidence of his kind deserted him. He saw himself as a nobody with nothing to give and nothing to promise. He looked at Kay and was enchanted anew by her beauty of face and form. And the passing weeks had taught him that there was more to her than that. She was brilliant, people said; she had a mind as hard and bright as a diamond.

"Gosh, Kay, what in hell do you want with me?"

She said, "I love you." But she couldn't say it without laughing, for it was a great joke on her fine mind that her arms and lips craved a cheap empty-headed boy like Billy Warren. And as she laughed and walked into Billy's embrace it occurred to her that now she, too, was on Nature's side and that it was a landslide for the lifelong enemy.

Mama and Leonard were very pleased. Mama answered her friends' anxious questions by admitting that Kay was very young, of course, but that she did not see that as a drawback to happiness. "The time to get married," Mama said, "is when you meet somebody you love."

Leonard had friends who asked questions too. He answered the questions but he did not look into the eyes of the people who asked them. He knew that those damn



"You know I'm very fond of you," he said, "yes, and of your mother."

people around the country club thought he'd marry Kay off to anybody just to get rid of her. That wasn't true. Billy Warren was a fine young fellow. Leonard had seen him twice and was favorably impressed. "But a drug clerk!" Leonard's friends said, bewildered.

"Well, not really, you know," Leonard would protest. "Gridley's his uncle and Billy's just helping him out."

Leonard had bought and was furnishing a six-room house. It was to be a wedding gift. Mama was giving five thousand dollars.

"See?" said Kay to her betrothed. "I told you."

SHE had given up going to the training college. She wasn't going to be a teacher. Dr. Garrison, the dean, was sorry.

"I'm disappointed, Miss Bronson. You have so much to give to the work."

"I?" She was astonished. "What have I that the public-school system needs?"

"You have the finest, keenest mind of any young woman I've ever met. Perhaps we've lost a great educator."

"Oh." She was staggered by the splendid opinion of

her which the old man had held so quietly till this moment. He wasn't ballyhoo or bunk. His eyes were calm and his praise was rare and cautious. What he said you could take for truth. She could feel her throat throbbing with a sudden terror. It was wrong to give up teaching, yet she was going to do it. She was taking the wrong road deliberately and consciously. God, at seventeen, the wrong road!

"I want to get married," she said. She said it because she wanted reassurance.

But he had no reassurance to give. "You are very young," he said solemnly. "You shouldn't marry now. At your age you shouldn't take an irrevocable step."

She was touched by his simplicity. How sweet to meet some one who regarded marriage as final and enduring. How sweet and silly.

Jessie Ryland was disappointed in Kay too. Gladly would she have crocheted a doily for a wedding gift had Kay been marrying some one worth while. Now there would be no doily. A nice young man studying law or medicine or preparing himself for a business career Jessie could have understood. Oddly she could also have understood it if Kay had selected a gypsy, a horse thief, or an escaped convict. There was that in Kay that was both aristocrat and pagan. But Jessie was sick over the picture of Kay married to a man who wore tight-waisted overcoats and played practical jokes. Kay and a vulgar ignoramus was too much for Jessie to stomach.

Kay tried to keep her friendship with Jessie alive. It was hopeless. Jessie herself blocked every path to continued sympathy and friendliness. She no longer told Kay anything of her plans or opinions. She referred to Billy as "your intended husband." And, worst of all, she was painfully polite and pointedly distant.

"Please," her manner said, "go far away from me."

Kay went away from her. There was nothing else to do. How explain to Jessie that she needed her as much as she needed Billy? You couldn't talk to Billy. You could only love him and lie in his arms and thrill when he touched you, and throw your whole damn' life away for him. But you couldn't talk to him. She couldn't tell Jessie that. It would be disloyal to Billy. And besides, Jessie would be shocked.

Kay said to herself, "I love Billy. That's all that's important. I will teach him to thirst for knowledge. I will educate him. It isn't only his physical appearance that attracts me. It's something else besides. Oh, dear God, please make it something else besides."

ON the night before her marriage to Billy Warren she discussed it with somebody else.

She had run from her room to the bench beneath the grapevine. She was tired of her room because it was so full of clothes. For weeks there had been orgies of shopping. Mama was supervising the packing now of all the things that a girl like Kay Bronson always owns. Exquisite handmade underthings, bright slippers in glittering silver and flashing scarlets, frocks by the dozens, sheer stockings, alluring negligees. More ballyhoo. She wondered if Mama would pack her books. Probably not. You don't take books to a love nest. She looked up at the sky. It was going to be a fine day, the stars were shining brightly and the sky was clear and, she thought, it would be fragrant.

She remembered her father sitting in this very spot telling her Dickens' story of *A Child's Dream of a Star*. She did not want to think of him tonight. It embarrassed her to face him. He wouldn't like Billy. He wouldn't understand Billy. It would hurt him anyhow to see her getting married.

She began to cry. She was thinking of the child in the story gazing up at the star. A step on the gravel path behind her warned her that she was not alone. She did not turn. It might be Leonard, and if it were he would mention the tears to Mama and then an investigation would ensue. But it was Jimmy Kerr. He came over and sat down beside her.



VIÑA DELMAR

was a movie usher only a few years ago. Liberty published her first story, thus starting her on her literary career. Today she is the author of *Bad Girl*, *Kept*, and other hit novels, of which several have been made into fascinating dramas for the screen, and is one of America's best known writers. She is married, has a son, and lives in New York.

He said gently, "What's the matter with you, Kay?"

"Nothing."

"You're crying."

"Don't you think I know it? Nothing has happened, however." Pause. "I didn't know you were home."

"I just got in this afternoon."

"Oh."

He looked at her in silence for a moment. Then, "My mother says you're getting married tomorrow."

"Yes, I am."

"It kind of surprised me. I never thought of you being old enough to get married."

"Didn't you?"

"No. You're two months younger than I am."

"Well, there's a great difference between girls and boys, Jimmy. A girl of seventeen is older than a boy of seventeen by a good six years."

"REALLY? I never knew that. You learn something new every day, don't you?"

"Are you being funny?"

"Not very. I hope you're going to be happy, Kay."

"Of course I'll be happy."

"Sh. Don't let the angels hear you. They hate positive statements like that."

"Well, I'm getting sick of this 'I hope you'll be happy' business."

"Isn't it the customary thing to say?"

"Yes, but people say it to me with doubt in their voices."

"I didn't have doubt in my voice, Kay. Honestly, I didn't, but now I will have. Who are you marrying?"

"Billy Warren."

"Who's he?"

"The clerk down at Gridley's."

"On the level?"

"Yes, on the level."

"Golly, your father wouldn't like that, Kay."

"Why not? My father was no snob."

"Oh, it's not a question of snobbishness, Kay. It's something else. You know—having the same viewpoints and tastes and things like that."

"Billy's a grand person."

"Well, I suppose so. Good-looking, I guess."

"Very."

"Gee, you're awfully young, Kay."

"I'm old enough."

Jimmy shook his head wonderingly. "It's too much for me. Well, good luck." He stood up.

"Thanks."

"Say, Kay, can't you tell me what you were crying about?"

"I was crying over Dickens' *Child's Dream of a Star*. Did you ever read it?"

"Sure. It's sad, all right."

Another silence. Kay got to her feet. It was time to go back to the house. They stood looking at each other. She was so pretty in the starlight. Somewhere a bird took to singing.

"Crazy thing," Jimmy said. "It's nighttime and he's singing."

Kay turned to look up in the tree. When she looked back at Jimmy he was crying.

"Jimmy, what's the matter?"

"I was thinking of the part where the child gets to be an old man and the star still shines down on his grave."

Kay put her arm around him and kissed him on the cheek. A woman kissing a little boy. She patted him fondly on the shoulder and walked toward the house.

She didn't look back.

Endowed with youth, beauty, wealth, and a brilliance and sophistication far beyond her years, what prompted Kay Bronson knowingly and deliberately to choose this "wrong road" in life? And what will be the result? Don't miss next week's installment of this fascinating novel of an ultra-modern girl.

What the Jews want from Hitler

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Hays is general counsel of the American Civil Liberties Union, and as a lawyer has been repeatedly identified with the defense of civil liberties in celebrated cases. He is well versed in world issues and in international law, which he practiced in London in 1914-15, during the World War. Moreover, he is himself of the Jewish race. Recently, while in Germany as an observer of the Reichstag fire trial, he had ample opportunity to judge at first hand of how the Hitler régime really was treating the Jews, and to appraise the arguments of its spokesmen and apologists. Liberty asked him to discuss these and to consider whatever possibilities there might be of a compromise or other improvement of the Nazis' position in the eyes of the world and of the situation of the Jews in Germany.

EQUAL rights under the law, without discrimination or favor, without privilege, penalty, or immunity, without preferences of any kind depending upon race, creed, or religion.

Hitler can grant no more and the Jews can accept no less. Can Hitler go this far? And if so, what would it mean?

The Nazi case against the Jews is founded on false premises. It is based on the theory that Jews are not good citizens. If we assume this the rest is easy. But history belies the assumption, as is attested not merely by contributions of Jews to art, science, and statesmanship in every country, but by the thousands of graves of Jewish soldiers who have fought



**An American Champion
of Civil Liberties Weighs
the Nazi Accusations and
Offers a Plan for Peace**

READING TIME
12 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

valiantly for their respective homelands. The Nazis falsely attribute to race or religion causes or consequences which have nothing whatever to do with either.

It is quite possible that anti-Semitic propaganda was a potent factor in promoting Nazi supremacy. For thirteen years they preached this doctrine by every conceivable means; they permeated the German people with hatred. The Hitler program, a large part of which directly attacks the Jews, was declared unalterable, and this was reaffirmed in 1926. Nevertheless the platform is unquestionably open to interpretation. For instance, one of the planks provides against the owning of large estates; but later interpretation explains that by this is intended ownership by absentee landlords and by Jews. Another plank provides against the "thrall-dom of interest"; but recent explanations indicate that this applies to usurious and not to creative interest.

There is little doubt that Hitler and his immediate circle are fanatically ferocious against the Jews. This personal attitude will no doubt continue to the end of their days. There is little doubt that these men sincerely believe that Jews cannot make patriotic citizens.

But the significant preachments of the Nazis, those which united all classes, had nothing to do with anti-Semitism. The rallying cry centered in foreign policy. Resurrected were the memories of 1918. Again Germany stood alone, faced by a hostile world. "No more tribute, repudiation of the vicious Treaty

by **ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS**



Keystone View photo

Mr. Hays (right) with other members of the international committee that investigated the Reichstag fire trial. At right: A Nazi placard in the window of a Jewish shop.



Acme photo

of Versailles, equal rights for Germans!"

Life again provided a cause worth fighting for. It was necessary—or at least politically strategic—to provide a scapegoat. Propaganda took root to the effect that the Germans won the war but were betrayed by the Social Democrats and the Jews. The Communist danger was stressed. Today the vast mass of the populace believe that the Nazis saved the country from a Communist revolution and that most of the leaders of the Communists were Jews. On one occasion I picked up a pamphlet in Germany called *Jews, Look at You*. Among the photographs in the pamphlet was that of Otto Kahn. I learned what his picture was doing there when I read that the Russian revolution was financed by Kuhn, Loeb & Co. in association with Warburg & Co.

The Jews are also condemned as capitalists who have acquired their wealth because of peculiarly grasping acquisitive qualities. In Germany we hear that it is useless to expect them to battle for the Fatherland. One never hears of the hundred thousand Jews who volunteered in the war and of the thousands who were killed.

THE propaganda of the Nazis has developed an anti-Semitic attitude that will probably not be uprooted for generations. However, the original Hitler platform, declared unalterable, is undergoing changes, and the time may come, if it has not already arrived, when the Nazis may feel strong enough to reverse themselves officially on the question of anti-Semitism. Hitler has not hesitated to take inconsistent positions from time to time. Certainly the Polish policy has undergone a change and we no longer hear the warlike utterances that characterized the early stages of the German revolution.

Power brings responsibility. Already we note changes in announced policy. The Frick decree of February 6 is an official notification that the Aryan clause was not intended to apply to commerce. Compare this with the Nazi assertion: "German business and German finance were under the control of Jewry."

Probably the change was due to world or internal economic pressure, but the fact remains that the decree points out that the Aryan clause was necessitated by "racial and state political reasons and must not be ex-

tended beyond the limits set." There were no limits in Hitler's book or the Nazi program.

Minister of Commerce Kurt Schmitt has apparently won out against the Nazi press, which has continually denounced him for advocating ameliorative policies toward the Jews.

A large part of the German population, naturally among the intelligent, regrets the anti-Semitic policy. Many Nazis expressed this to me quite frankly. They feel that the gains of the policy, if any, are hardly worth the penalty that Germany is paying.

The more intelligent Nazis attempt to excuse the policy by claiming that the Jews had a disproportionate influence in the professions of the law, journalism, and medicine, in banking and in trade; that Jews did not restrain

themselves from holding high public office; that the race was too ambitious. Many of them spoke sympathetically of Jewish comrades with whom they had served during the war.

FURTHER, the Nazis say that the real difficulty arose out of the immigration into Germany of Polish and Galician Jews in large numbers; that these people were foreigners who took the jobs of good Germans. The fact is overlooked that these easterners were invited into Germany during the war when labor was scarce; that all of them were not Jews; that a distinction might be made between foreigners and those in Germany whose roots were deep in the soil and had been for centuries.

The anti-Semitic propaganda is founded upon the false theory of a "pure" race. As though any race were pure! The present-day Jews in Germany are, many of them, descended from families that have lived there for generations. In that time they have acquired all German characteristics, even that of physiognomy. They are German through and through. In fact, the Jews in Germany were coming to be largely assimilated through intermarriage. One of the great difficulties of the Hitler program is to determine who is a Jew. The label is attached to one who had a grandfather or grandmother of the Jewish faith. Many of the old German "officer" class married into Jewish families, their descendants thereby acquiring some Jewish blood and much Jewish money. This hits people of high social standing.

However, world opinion to the effect that discrimination on account of religion or race is uncivilized and harks back to medieval times, the propaganda influence of the highly articulate Jewish voice, together with the pressure of the boycott, are having an effect. The outward terrorization, beating up and arrest of Jews as Jews, lasted for only a short time. Today in Germany Jews travel freely and are not openly molested. The original desire was to boycott the German Jews in business. That has been carried on to some extent; yet the open and official boycott lasted only one day.

The Jews have been declassed. Association with them is regarded as unpatriotic. Their business affairs are subject to surveillance. Lawyers are disbarred, professors eliminated from colleges, journalists from their papers, and doctors from hospitals. Wherever possible their jobs are given to Nazis. Already a herd of Jewish refugees has flocked to other lands. Every German Jew I met seemed anxious to get out of Germany. But the difficulty seemed to be not only that he had no apparent means of making a living outside but that he could take with him only a part of whatever fortune he had accumulated. Practically every Jewish family would like to send the youngsters to foreign lands.

Of course the strongest, the most adventurous, the

youngest, and perhaps the best of the German Jews are those who leave. Germany has lost many eminent professional men who will enrich the civilization of other countries. But at any rate the mere thinning of numbers will give Hitler a chance to say to the German people that the Jewish population has been largely dissipated, and thus provide an excuse, to some extent, for a reversal of the anti-Semitic policy.

Were an equality of rights granted under the law, the world would not condemn greatly a distinction between Germans and foreigners (Jews or not), meaning thereby the recent influx from Poland and Galicia. The meanest aspect of discrimination is where it applies to those who have for successive generations tied up every interest with the Fatherland, and who for no fault of their own suddenly find themselves de-classed and subject to every variety of humiliation.

Rights and interests in the German state are a common heritage. There is a basis for a distinction favoring old-time residents. Hitler could pretend, not that he was making a concession, but that he was applying a general principle, based not on race or religion but on duration of residence. This would not be satisfactory to one who feels that principle is more important than pragmatic policies. But progress is made by stages, and the question before us is how far Hitler can go.

The same theory might apply to practicing lawyers, doctors, journalists, teachers, and scientific men. The Fascists could state that they expect to achieve their results in the long run without doing injustice to the present units of society; that all Jews at present engaged in business or professions would be unhindered and unmolested, but that in future the policy would tend toward a different representation.

Assuming that there are certain qualities which the Germans would designate as "Aryan," they might insist that men who aspired to certain professions have these qualities. I do not know what they are. But if, for instance, a good German of Nordic descent and Aryan lineage should be able to run a hundred yards in ten seconds, that might be laid down as a qualification for a lawyer, a doctor, or a professor. Or if military ability or six feet in height is an Aryan characteristic, or if having had a grandfather in the army is, or even if an Aryan is one who can turn a good handspring—then, if these qualifications applied to all alike, no one could complain that there was discrimination against Jews.

My own opinion is that the Jews would in a short time be able to turn handsprings in quite as lively a fashion as the Nordics. Whatever the qualifications are, the Jews will probably be able to meet them. But if that is so, it means that the so-called Nordic characteristics, whatever they are, do not exist. The point is that qualifications must apply to all alike.

THERE are some who would try to solve the problem on the basis of what is known as *numerus clausus*. Under this the Jews, comprising perhaps one per cent of the population, would be permitted to provide one per cent of the lawyers, doctors, teachers, writers, one per cent of the street cleaners, bakers, candlestick makers, princes, generals, and diplomats; and also to supply not more than one per cent of the soldiers. The suggestion is preposterous! It is hard to figure out what the government would do with those who did not fit into the necessary categories.

Others would solve the problem by providing a minority status for Jews. Any such attempted solution crystallizes the group into an inferior position in society.



The public burning of "un-German and decadent" books and pamphlets in Berlin on May 10, 1933. At left: Part of the Nazi haul of printed matter that fed the bonfire.

Keystone View photos

Said Dr. Nauman, the head of the National German Jews: "Let them make a concordat with the Zionists and the Internationalists, but not with me. I and the members of my organization are Germans. We were nurtured in

German culture; our families have been in Germany for generations. We would be strangers in any land except Germany and we refuse to surrender our birthright even for the fleshpots of Egypt!"

Continually in Germany, when I condemned the anti-Semitic policy, reference was made to the position of Negroes in the United States. The answer, of course, was that human beings are not and never will be perfect or considerate or even tolerant. The best that any society can do is to guarantee equal rights before the law.

The effects of particular laws should not be judged from the immediate viewpoint. If the Hitler government guaranteed equal rights, so that in time this became a part of the ideology of the nation, that in itself would do something to lessen prejudice. And, when the Germans again return to a more reasonable frame of mind, there is a possibility of a real change.

It would seem that, even from the point of view of a Hitler, a proclamation of equal rights for all races and religions should be possible and would be advantageous. So long as all Germans had equal rights under the law, he could justify himself in reversing his anti-Semitic policy. By laying down insensate qualifications he would rid the German state of a great many more Jews, who would leave voluntarily.

Whatever his excuses may be, whatever his motives, it would seem that Hitler has acquired sufficient strength to be able to take a reverse position and still not lose his influence with the German masses.

There will be criticism from Jews that my views are legalistic, that I have suggested a method by which Hitler might affect world opinion without making a substantial change in policy. In my judgment, the first step must be through constitutional guaranties. There can be little hope for a minority without protection in the laws. I should still be opposed to Fascism and all it stands for, but I should feel more philosophical about a system of government that eliminated the meanness of discrimination based on race or religion.

THE END

A Magic Glass for Mothers

READING TIME
6 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

I TRY to be a modern mother, and one of the criteria of a modern mother is that she's open to a lot of self-criticism. That's what I'm about to do right now—put a magnifying glass to myself and try to make some discoveries.

Before I get to this "magic glass," maybe I'd better define what I mean by modern mother. I'm always surprised to meet the person who thinks a modern mother is one who lets her children run wild. That, in plain language, is stuff and nonsense. The modern mother's great job is to bring up children who are brave, strong, and adjustable to the changing world in which they live. That doesn't mean that these children can't be rebels; there is such a thing as being a well adjusted rebel. Any phase of living requires discipline, and discipline in its turn requires training. I personally think that we are facing a world which will demand more instead of less disciplined individuals. I believe that a child who is healthy and whose home is happy needs discipline mainly as far as the routine of life is concerned. This routine, of course, includes all of his habits of living.

If I had to put down a dictionary definition, I'd say a modern mother:

Has a background of knowledge about child growth, physical, mental, and emotional; has as her objective for her children their growth into self-reliant, independent men and women (yes, even independent of their mothers); has a friend-to-friend relationship with her children which includes all the characteristics of friendship—consideration, respect, confidence, and good manners; teaches her children the fundamental qualities of honesty, truthfulness, kindness, and tolerance by self-example instead of constant preaching.

I have devised a magnifying glass in which to see myself as



HOW TO KEEP SCORE

AUTHOR'S SUGGESTIONS: Rate yourself at the close of every day on the cardinal maternal virtues suggested in this chart. At the end of the week, strike an average for each virtue and for each day.

	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	Add across—divide by 7 for average mark
PATIENCE	70	40	70	60	70	60	20	390 total 55+ average
CALMNESS	70	40	80	70	70	60	80	470 total 67+ average
DISPOSITION	80	40	80	70	70	60	80	480 total 68+ average
COMPANIONSHIP	80	30	70	40	80	80	60	440 total 62+ average
TRUTH	80	90	80	60	80	80	90	560 total 80 average
MANNERS	70	40	80	70	80	60	80	480 total 68+ average
ACCESSIBILITY	70	60	70	80	80	80	40	480 total 68+ average
PERSONAL APPEARANCE	70	70	40	80	70	80	70	480 total 68+ average
UNDERSTANDING	70	40	70	60	70	70	80	460 total 65+ average
CULTURE	0	80	20	0	60	80	60	300 total 42+ average
Add down—divide by 10 for average mark	660 total 66 average	530 total 53 average	660 total 66 average	590 total 59 average	730 total 73 average	710 total 71 average	660 total 66 average	Add daily average across—divide by 7 for mark 64+

To obtain your average mark, add the average of each day and divide by seven, the number of days in the week, of course. I'd say that a mark of 55 was passing, 65 good, 75 excellent, and 85 miraculous!

Keep This Check-Up Chart and
You'll Know Yourself Better,
Says

ANNA ROOSEVELT DALL



Junior asked me why a ball was round and why it bounced, and why, if the world was round, it didn't bounce us all off, was I patient and did I answer his questions carefully and to the best of my ability, or did I say, "Don't bother me with silly questions"? When sister came in with her new coat splattered with grease and mud which she said a naughty big truck had splashed on her, did I become exasperated, or did I calmly tell her that it was a shame and

that from now on she would know that trucks splash far and wide? Did I let her help to clean the coat so that she would realize the work involved in these accidents?

Calmness: When baby decided she could walk across the room, and fell and banged her head, did I let out a scream and frighten her, or did I calmly let her pick herself up and start the old trial-and-error method again?

Disposition: Was I moody or sharp, myself, and when the children came to me, was I cross with them without any tangible reason? Did I slam my book down when the soup boiled over? Did I mutter when I got the wrong number again? Did I take it out on the youngsters that morning after I had stayed up too late the night before and felt tired and petulant?

Companionship: Did I enter into the children's games, or read to
(Continued on page nineteen)

a mother. I find it a help in being analytically specific, and I thought perhaps other mothers would be interested in seeing it. It's a check-up chart. The findings shown are not my own but purely fictitious.

I kept a duplicate of this chart at my bedside, and before I went to sleep, every night for a week I filled out my own report card. It took me about fifteen minutes to do, and I tried to be absolutely frank with myself. At the end of the week I scored myself according to the directions with the chart.

Here's the type of third degree I put myself through:

Patience: When



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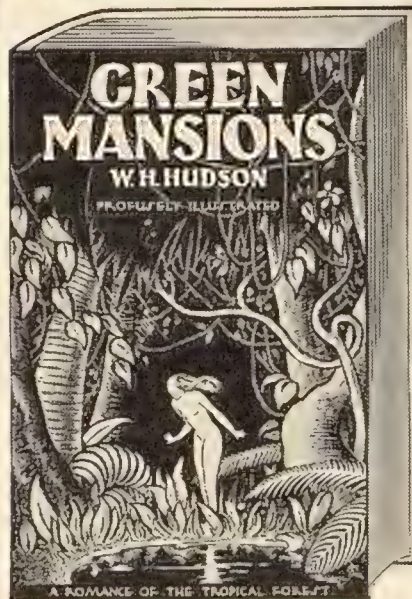
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(Continued from page sixteen)
 them, or let them read to me? Did I have pleasant little chats with them just as I would with an adult friend, listening attentively to their opinions, allowing them to differ with mine?

Truthfulness: How about it? Was the day miscolored with little white lies? I have discovered that children have a most awful perspicacity concerning even the slightest deviation from the truth. How could I expect a child to tell me the truth when he hears me glibly fabricate? Children learn truthfulness from example. And, most important of all, was I careful to be completely truthful to the children themselves?

Manners: Were my manners such as I should like my children to have when inclined-to-be-critical relatives are visiting? It seems to me that mothers sometimes expect children to be much more polite to them than they, in turn, are to the children.

Accessibility: Was there some time during the day when the children could come to me if they wished with their problems and joys? Did I make possible the opportunity for an intimate confidential relationship? And at this point I think it might be pertinent to say that I believe in vacations for parents and children—vacations from each other.

Understanding: That is the hardest quality of all for me to score. Most of us mothers flatter ourselves that we're omniscient when it comes to understanding. But—did I try to find out the cause for Junior's sulkiness? What was troubling sister when she seemed so morose and far away? Understanding isn't a matter of cross-examination, either. I've discovered that too much questioning often makes a child, in self-defense, give answers which are purely fabricated. A mother should always respect a child's individuality and privacy, which requires a certain sensitivity

on her part. I think we can rate ourselves by our eagerness to understand. We certainly can't always fathom the complicated workings of the minds and emotions of our children, but we can *want* to understand!

Personal Appearance: We all want our children to look neat and attractive. How about ourselves? Did I come down to breakfast in a trim gay house dress, with my nails all spick and span and my hair done carefully? When the children came home from school, bringing playmates with them, was I dressed so that they could be proud of mother's appearance?

Culture: In rating myself, here are some of the questions I asked: Did I read something today which will add to my sum total of appreciation or knowledge? Am I keeping abreast of these exciting times? Do I know what's going on in the field of child education? Do I stimulate interesting conversation in my own home when the family is gathered together? Do I bring up subjects which the children will enjoy discussing, and do I introduce other subjects which will open up new vistas and stimulate their curiosities? Did I make available to my children books which will give them both pleasure and profit?

That's the list! How does one know how to score? You'll have to let your conscience be your guide! I want to put in a bit of a warning here. You aren't supposed to be perfect, and you might be very dull if you were. There's nothing worse than the mother who takes herself too seriously. Mistakes, and even the admission of mistakes, are to be expected.

In concluding, I want to ask you to try the experiment of this chart yourself; this isn't sadistic on my part, although I suffered just a little when I found some of my low scores. But mothers, like depressions and the measles, can and do improve!

THE END

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- 3—When and where was Princeton University founded?
- 4—What is the meaning of the term Creole?
- 5—Who invented the steam engine?
- 6—How far is the sun distant from the earth?
- 7—What is the greatest ocean depth known?
- 8—When did Admiral Byrd first fly over the north pole?
- 9—What is meant by the term *ex libris*?

- 10—In bowling, how many balls are rolled for a perfect score?
- 11—What is the official name of the present pope?
- 12—What is chiaroscuro?
- 13—Is coffee a native of Brazil?
- 14—What does supererogation mean?
- 15—Which moving-picture actress has been called "America's sweetheart"?
- 16—What is the state flower of Massachusetts?
- 17—Which American chemist invented the electrolytic process of producing aluminum?
- 18—What is W. C. Fields' real name?
- 19—What do flora and fauna mean?
- 20—Of what is felt composed?

(Answers will be found on page 58)



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In the family she's spoken of as "susceptible." Outside as "weak-headed."

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She Never

IT was in November, 1929—a couple of weeks after the well remembered Crash—that I chanced to run into Tom O'Malley at the bar of the Pig 'n' Whistle, a then comparatively unpublicized speakeasy in the Fifties.

His head drooped; his shoulders drooped; every line of his small body drooped. I don't believe I should have recognized in this picture of misery the usually cheerful sparrowlike Tom O'Malley, except for his bald head. Tom O'Malley's bald head was famous. Perfectly egg-shaped and perfectly hairless, it shone as from some inner light. There were people who said he waxed it before each stage appearance.

"Why, hello, Tom," I said. "Where've you been keeping yourself? Haven't seen you for weeks."

He stirred at the sound of my voice and looked toward me; but then he only nodded gloomily and mumbled:

"It's you, Bill."

I was rather taken aback. Tom and I had been friends for a number of years; and it wasn't like him to greet a friend so undemonstratively. However, I felt pretty sure that he meant nothing personal. Although it is perfectly true that I am a newspaper columnist, I am one of the older variety, and no weasel. Scurrilous anecdotes about Tom O'Malley or any one else have never appeared in my column. I moved up beside him and asked sympathetically:

"What's the matter, Tom—market?"

He finished his glass of gin and ordered another before he answered: "Yes and no. Market—yes! But market's just the half of it."

He accompanied this with one of his wry looks which

always made him so convulsing on the stage. It was a look as if he had swallowed a very sour pickle; and it was, like his bald head, a kind of trade-mark for him. He had made both famous. It's unusual enough for a hooper to amount to anything in other fields than hoofing; but it's practically unheard of for a hooper to turn himself into a startlingly successful comedy character actor and then proceed to write his own comedies. That was what Tom O'Malley had done; and "Ma" O'Malley, his wife (ex-song-and-dance and ex-vaudeville), had climbed right along up with him. There probably wasn't at that time a more successful pair on Broadway—nor a more popular one.

"Nobody sick, I hope?" I asked.

He looked at me gloomily and answered with a single word:

"Dead."

I was shocked. Since the O'Malley family consisted only of Ma O'Malley, himself, and two Pekingesees, I supposed, of course, from his manner that he meant Ma was dead.

"Why, Tom, I'm terribly sorry," I began. "I—"

"You got plenty reason to be sorry," he interrupted. "Everybody has. It's a national calamity."

I hastened to agree, although this seemed slightly overrating Ma O'Malley's importance to the country at large.

The next minute, however, it came out that Ma was, if not quite in her usual blooming health, still far from dead. It was the loss of another, the famous Mbobu Smith, which had worked this distressing change in Tom.

b y B O G A R T C A R L A W

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

Without a Doubt, the O'Malley Destinies Were Written in the Stars,
But it Took an Unbeliever's Stratagem to Get Them Straightened Out

Of course I had read of Mbobu Smith's death. The event had attracted a good deal of attention in the October press, though the following stock-market crash had eclipsed it. But I had not known before that the O'Malleys were among the most ardent of Mbobu Smith's devotees.

"The last time I saw Mbobu Smith," Tom mused, "she told me that it was in the stars that something very important was going to happen to her in October—but I never thought she was going to die. Somehow I never would have thought that Mbobu Smith *could* die. You know Ma and me have never moved a step without her. Not for the last ten years anyway. It was ten years ago when she told us to break our contract with Keith's, though it was the best vaudeville contract we'd ever had, and we'd just signed it, too; and she told us to go into the legitimate and play the kind of parts we play; and every success we ever had came from what she told us. And now she's dead!"

Of course I had read brief outlines of Mbobu Smith's life in various newspaper and magazine articles. She was English by birth. Her great-grandfather Smith had discovered a Mbobu River in South Africa and had been knighted by the king as a reward.

Whether she succeeded by luck or by shrewdness or really by some mysterious clairvoyant power, her prognostications made her influential in some of the very

highest places in America. Before her death at the age of fifty-five, she had come to occupy a position as exalted as that of any astrologer in history—a power not only along Broadway but in Wall Street and, people said, in Washington, D. C., as well.

"If I told you some of the men who've been consulting her for years," Tom O'Malley said, "you'd call me a liar. But I've seen letters on her desk from names that would make you blink. The big guns, the real leaders—they depended on her. Did you ever stop to think why the stock market went bang just exactly one week after she died? Lack of confidence, that's why!"

IN spite of what I had read about Mbobu Smith's power, this made me smile. Tom O'Malley flushed all the way up his bald head.

"Go ahead," he said; "but you'll be laughing on the other side of your mouth before you're through! The stock-market crash is just the beginning. God knows what will happen to this country!"

I tried to divert his thoughts by speaking of his new play, which was scheduled to open on Broadway some time in December. But I only succeeded in deepening his gloom.

"It'll flop," he said positively.

"That's just plain superstition," I told him.

"Oh, no, it ain't," he said. "And, anyway, suppose it

Made a Mistake



Ma O'Malley jumped off that chaise longue. She was crying and laughing at the same time.



I moved up beside him and asked:
"What's the matter, Tom—market?"

was! I wouldn't never walk under a ladder in my life—and neither would Ma. But Mbobu Smith was different, Bill. It was regular science, everything she said, and it was all written up there in the stars, so that there couldn't be any mistake."

"Well, the stars are still on hand. Why can't you consult some other astrologer?"

Tom O'Malley answered gloomily:

"I've tried others. Dozens of them. But there isn't a one of them has got what Mbobu Smith had. They just don't *know*!"

I had to leave then to get back to the newspaper. I felt sorry for him, of course, since his troubles seemed so real to him; but I thought that in a few weeks, when his new play came on, he'd forget all about Mbobu Smith. The last thing he said to me was:

"The play'll flop. The country'll flop, too. You wait and see!"

OF course every one knows what happened to the country. And probably enough people remember what happened to Hoofers' Heaven, which lasted exactly one week on Broadway in December, 1929, and which caused the reputation of both the O'Malleys to execute a sudden and breath-taking nose dive.

I never could figure out exactly what was the matter with that play. The characters were good, the plot interesting and even exciting, and it was the kind of thing that had clicked perfectly before. But this time it didn't click.

I believe that Tom O'Malley took a certain melancholy pleasure in the verification of his predictions. "Well, you see, Bill," was his attitude on several occasions when we met. This worried me. Tom O'Malley had always been one to fight harder after a reverse; but now he seemed to be accepting defeat as though it were inevitable. And that's no way for a man to feel who wants to pull himself out of a mess, especially during a depression.

It was a mess! The O'Malleys had never failed to live

at least a month ahead of their income. I don't suppose any one had ever enjoyed success more than the O'Malleys. It hadn't made them up-stage; they had kept all their old friends, but they had got a lot of new ones too, and they had developed a taste for luxuries that was positively formidable. A Park Avenue penthouse, of course. Roast pheasants for Ma, champagne and caviar for the general. At parties two bartenders would be kept constantly busy. You had to pay for your drinks. A nominal ten cents, no matter what the drink was. The money went to help the destitute of the "profession." A good bit of the O'Malleys' own money followed the same direction.

Well, and now they were to be numbered among the destitute themselves. Overnight, as it were.

"Still, that only means that you can go up the same way, fast as you came down," I told Tom, meeting him a couple of weeks after their debacle.

"I don't know," he said. "Ordinarily, yes, maybe. But now—now Mbobu Smith is dead—"

They say that you can't argue with the insane.

You waste your time trying to prove to some poor nut that he isn't Napoleon at all. What you ought to say is, "Okay, Napoleon, I'm the Empress Josephine—now come along!" That was the way I finally did help Tom O'Malley—by entering into his insanity.

It was in March, 1933, more or less on the eve of the current recovery, that the inspiration came to me. Tom O'Malley had come up to my office to bum a five spot, as he had gotten somewhat in the habit of doing. He always told me, when he made these strikes:

"You're saying good-by to it, Bill. I'll never be able to pay it back. So I give you fair warning."

And I always told him:

"Sure you can pay it back. Anyway, suppose I kept the money and put it in a bank, probably the bank would go bust."

On this afternoon, after Tom had made his strike, I had him sit down and take a few drinks with me. I'm not naturally of a (Continued on page twenty-four)



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(Continued from page twenty-two) philanthropic turn. The misfortunes of others are generally irritating to me. But there was something about the O'Malleys! Tom, despite his bald head, never seemed to me more than about ten years old; and Ma, for all her two hundred pounds, had retained something appealingly young and feminine.

There must have been days when the O'Malleys suffered from literal hunger. Nobody ever saw Ma any more; evidently she had turned into the kind of nervous hypochondriacal woman that is capable of nothing except a vague pleasure in feeling ill. As for Tom, he had continued to show plenty of courage; but that got him little. He occasionally picked up a few dollars posing for advertising photographers to whom his bald head seemed to suggest the type of the Successful Business Executive. But his earnings must have been trifling; and though his friends were many, the strikable ones were few, and he was far too decent to overwork them. The O'Malleys were in that typical depression situation which is best described by the statement: "Nobody knows how they get along."

As usual, on this afternoon I got to arguing with him about his *idée fixe*.

"Even granting," I said, "that Mbobu Smith's death did have something to do with starting the depression, through causing a few of the bigger operators in Wall Street to lose confidence suddenly—even granting that, I certainly don't see how her death can be affecting anything now. You surely don't think she's casting a kind of spell on us from beyond the grave?"

"Oh, no," Tom answered quickly. "Nothing like that. It's just that the country's been without a leader ever since she died. If she could do anything from beyond the grave, it would be to this country's good!"

Tom O'Malley had not been gone ten minutes—with his *idée fixe* of course as *fixe* as ever—when Ursula Brandon came diffidently in. She's a kind of cousin of mine. Within the family she's generally spoken of as being "very susceptible" or "impressionable" or "of a highly imaginative nature." Outside the family I suspect that the people who come into contact with her are more likely to characterize her simply as "weak-headed."

A short, plump, very stolid-looking woman. If ever a poetic spirit had feet of clay, it is she. And she has piano legs as well. She's about thirty-five years old, unmarried, and she has just enough income to live on. That means a great deal of leisure which has to be occupied somehow. Accordingly she is a great many things. She is a vegetarian. She is a spiritualist. She is a member of the S. P. C. A. She is also—or thinks she is—a poet; and she has for years been assailing me with contributions for my column, little verses signed Psyche, written upon such subjects as Reverie in the Aquarium or Old Men Playing Croquet in Central Park. Once she wrote a book (fortunately never published) which she claimed had been dictated to her, word for word, by a spirit named Lester, who must certainly have been one of the most asinine spirits on the whole astral plane.

"SUCH a beautiful day, William," she said, sitting down and crossing her fat legs, her rather pale blue eyes fixed upon me with their extraordinary and embarrassing intentness. "I always think that March is such a beautiful month—even when it rains. But today the sun is actually warm. I walked down through the park. I know it isn't an original thought, but spring does seem to me exactly like an awakening. I've tried to put some of what I felt into this little poem. You see I've called it Awakening. It's about spring coming in the park."

"Yes, yes," I told her absent-mindedly, for I was still occupied with Tom O'Malley and his problems. "I'll read it, Ursula. I'll let you know what I think of it."

"And I brought some others along too," she said, producing a whole sheaf of poems from the portfolio she carried.

I put them all in a drawer in my desk; but Ursula still lingered. I was conscious that I had disappointed her in

not reading her poems instantly. As we sat there, the idea that had been silently germinating within me suddenly sprouted, burst into full foliage and blossom.

"Ursula," I said abruptly, "you used to do automatic writing, didn't you? There was that book by Lester. Splendid piece of work. Shame it was never published."

She had a way of opening her mouth when you spoke to her, as if—not trusting her ears to absorb every word—she needed this other as an emergency orifice.

"Well, I'm glad you liked it, William," she answered. "At the time I had a feeling that you didn't quite—"

"I was very interested in it," I assured her. "Tell me, Ursula, have you been doing any automatic writing recently?"

"Oh, no. No, William. I don't think anybody does automatic writing any more. At least, I haven't heard of anybody."

"But, Ursula," I said, "how about the spirits?" She blinked and shut her mouth and swallowed. I could see that I had given her a brand-new idea. I pressed it.

"It does seem to me, Ursula, that it must be rather hard on a lot of the spirits if automatic writing has gone out of style. After all, when you get used to expressing yourself, you don't like to have your only medium of expression taken away from you. And then the newer spirits that have gone up there in the last couple of years—some of them may never have had a chance to get a word back to earth. Pretty hard on them, it seems to me."

NOW Ursula Brandon was nodding her head, her eyes very wide open.

"Yes, that's true. Yes, when you put it that way, William, it does seem a pity."

One quality Ursula Brandon possesses to an almost unlimited extent, and that is *suggestibility*. What I next proceeded to do was to plant very strongly in her mind the idea that the spirit of Mbobu Smith (of whom she had heard, of course, though she had never come into contact with her) must be distinguished above all other spirits on the astral plane by the number of messages she would have for this world. Mbobu Smith, I said, had died in the fullness of her powers, with her work uncompleted. I mentioned my friend Tom O'Malley as an example, and told in what a desperate plight he had been left by the death of the seer. Then I stated it as my opinion that if Mbobu Smith could only somehow communicate with the O'Malleys today she would give them advice which would absolutely save their lives.

"Well, for instance," I said, "she might advise them to sell something to the movies. Hoofers' Heaven, for instance. It failed as a play but there's no reason why it shouldn't make a success as a movie. At any rate, Mbobu Smith would *know*. She was not only an astrologer but a remarkably fine business woman as well; and as I understand it, her predictions from the stars often read like a Dow-Jones business report or like a telegram from office headquarters to the salesman in the field."

To everything I said Ursula Brandon listened with ears and eyes and mouth. When I thought that I had told her enough, I asked tentatively:

"I don't suppose you've forgotten how to do automatic writing? That isn't the kind of thing you can forget, is it?"

"Well, no, William. No, of course not."

"Then," I said, coming abruptly to the point, "in my opinion, if you'll give it a try, you'll find the spirit of Mbobu Smith fairly bubbling over with messages for this world; and I don't mind telling you that if you could get through a good one for Tom O'Malley, I might see my way clear to making Psyche a daily contributor to my column—at least, for a while."

That did the trick, as I had hoped it would. Ursula Brandon left my office so determined to reach Mbobu Smith that I felt certain her subconscious mind would manufacture some kind of message. Of course I didn't believe in spirits doing automatic writing; but I had no doubt I could convince (Continued on page twenty-six)



BOGART CARLAW wrote his first story when he was nine. The teacher praised it. He continued writing, but the praise stopped. He was graduated from the University of Minnesota, has traveled widely, and worked a while for an advertising agency. *Giants Should Be Gelded* was his first novel.



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**THE
HOLE
MAKES
A
TINY
WELL
OF
FLAVOUR**

CRYSTAL-CLEAR MINTS

(Continued from page twenty-four)
Tom O'Malley that they did. And I thought that any kind of message signed Mbobu Smith might be good enough to rouse him out of the fatalism and psychological inertia he was in. At least I thought it was worth trying.

I had confidently expected to see Ursula Brandon the next morning with a stack of messages from Mbobu Smith; but as a matter of fact a whole week went by before the clay feet once more piloted her butterfly spirit into my small office.

"Here it is, William," she said, putting a single sheet of paper on the desk before me. "It was very hard getting in touch with her. But I think it will be easier from now on. That last part came just like a flash, and then at the end there you'll see it says, 'Have many more messages—' But I thought I would dash right over here first and give this one to you so that you can start publishing those poems of mine—perhaps tomorrow morning, William."

"Yes, yes, we'll see," I told her.

"You have no idea how hard it was to get the message, William. Every day I've sat there with a pencil in my hand and the paper under it, but my hand hasn't budged. I've tried singing and reading—anything to keep my mind distracted, you know, from my hand—but it simply didn't work until just this afternoon, when I'd been reading in the newspaper about

that last quarter of the page. "I must say this sounds very authentic. How do you happen to David Kalbstein?"

"David Kalbstein?" she repeated after me wonderingly. "Oh, that is the name she refers to, isn't it? No, I don't know him. Who is William?"

"But surely, Ursula, you know him. He's the Eastern representative of one of the big firms. Perhaps you'd heard of him and then forgotten—except in your subconscious mind."

"No, I don't know him, William," she said.

I must confess that it was disturbing to me. The whole message vaguely disturbing. Even though I had myself planted the idea of Ursula Brandon's mind, it was a relief to see how it had taken root there and flowered. However, the main interest for me lay in how Tom O'Malley would take the message.

THE O'Malleys were living at the time in a two-room apartment in the Bronx. I knew the address though I had never been there; and though they had no telephone, I decided to take a taxi and go up and see them, feeling rather like a fool to be serving as Astral Telegraph messenger; and in other hand, I was really hopeful that the experiment might have some effect.

The apartment was at the top

On a tremendous chaise longue jammed into a corner of the room Ma O'Malley lay like another piece of furniture, so still she was, with a blanket around her, and with her two Pekingeses, one under each arm. She had once been plump, smiling, buxom, and blithe, the kind to play a hard-boiled but gold-hearted trouser perfectly on the stage. Now she had a look as if her face were made of putty which had melted and run down and then hardened again into the most lugubrious mold possible. She tried to smile when I went and shook hands with her, but all she produced was a faint twitching at the corners of her mouth.

"Ma ain't feeling so good tonight," Tom O'Malley said hastily in explanation.

Ma amended this, with a look at Tom as if she did not appreciate such understatements:

"I feel terrible!"

Tom and I sat down; and it was more and more uncomfortable. Tom did his best to make conversation, but he was obviously puzzled by my visit.

I felt that the sooner I explained myself, the better; yet I found it difficult to produce that silly piece of paper. I did not really see now how anything could save these two; and it struck me as almost irreverent to meddle in their affairs—like trying to revivify a dead man by sticking a pin into him. Still, I thought, perhaps I was underestimating the resilience of human nature, of the O'Malleys' kind of human nature in particular.

"Tom," I blurted out at last, "I've got a cousin. You wouldn't know her. But she does automatic writing. She—she gets messages, you know, from the spirit world."

"Yes?" said Tom, looking not less puzzled.

"Well, I don't know that this means anything, Tom. It may be perfectly foolish, but it's supposed to be a message for you. So I thought I would just bring it up to you for you to judge it as you see fit."

WITHOUT any more explanation I shoved the piece of paper at him. He read the first part of it without relaxing. But when he came to the telegraphic portion, he sat forward suddenly in his chair, his hands clenched tight so that the paper crackled, and his bald head flushed. His lips mumbled the words: "David Kalbstein—mm-mm—Hoofers' Heaven—" When it came to "Signed Mbobu Smith," he brought that out with a shout which rang through the small room.

"We're saved, Ma! Saved! It's Mbobu Smith from beyond the grave who's saved us!"

I had hoped that the message would produce a psychological change for the better in the O'Malleys. That was really all I had hoped for. It had never occurred to me that they would take every word of it literally. You might have thought that Hoofers' Heaven was already produced and playing to capacity audiences all over the country. The way Ma O'Malley jumped off that chaise longue—it was as if she had never been sick in her life! She was crying and laughing at the same time, and she kept kissing and hugging Tom. Then she threw her arms around my neck too, and gave me a smack that stunned me.

"Hurry and get dressed, Ma!" Tom was shouting. "We're going to celebrate. Bill, you lend us some money. You lend us twenty-five, Bill, for the celebration. Ma and you and me are stepping high and wide tonight—and I'm treating."

"But—but—" I protested.

"Twenty-five bucks, Bill. And you'll get it back. Now I'll be able to pay you back everything I owe you—though, God knows, I never thought you'd see a cent of it again!"

I handed over the twenty-five dollars all right; but after Ma had gone into the other room to dress, I attempted to reason with Tom. It wasn't, I may say in self-justification, fear of losing the twenty-five which prompted me.

"Tom, aren't you counting a little too much on this? I mean, suppose Kalbstein doesn't want the play. Maybe the message isn't really from Mbobu Smith at all. I don't know much about these spirit communications, but it seems to me that they must often get their wires mixed somehow. At least, I wouldn't count too much on it."

"Bill," Tom said solemnly, "Mbobu Smith never made a mistake in her life—and this message is from her all right. That's the way she always used to dope things."

PAST THE CENSOR

By FRANCES INGRAM



Frances Ingram

Grand Duke Peter and John Lodge is seen as Count Alexi.

There is a real he-man's picture in the making now, based on the thrilling story of the sea, "Mutiny on the Bounty." Clark Gable and Wallace Beery will share the starring honors in the film.

I met beautiful Evelyn Venable the other day and was delighted to find that she is as natural and unaffected as she appears in the films. Miss Venable has one of the strangest contracts in Hollywood. It provides that there will be no kisses in the love scenes. Her father insisted on the clause. Evelyn confessed to me that her greatest ambition is to play the role of Joan of Arc.

★ ★ ★ ★ INGRAM'S MILKWEED CREAM, the Four Star Face Cream.

There is, perhaps, more feminine loveliness in Hollywood than anywhere else in the world. And, certainly it would be difficult to find a group of women to whom beauty, and proper care of the skin, mean as much as it does to the lovely stars of the screen. Their skins must be smooth, clear, and flawless. How significant then that they find in Milkweed Cream the ideal way to skin health and beauty. For this one preparation gives these famous women everything they require to cleanse, soften and protect their complexions.

Milkweed Cream is a basic, all-around cream. Primarily it is a cleansing cream, but special ingredients make it much more than just that. It is a perfect powder base, a safe corrective for ordinary blemishes. And, because Milkweed Cream contains one of the skin's own lubricating agents, there is nothing like it for keeping the hands smooth and lovely.

Have you tried the Milkweed Cream way of keeping the complexion clear, young, vital? If not, get a jar of Milkweed Cream from your druggist and start today. Or, send the coupon below to my Montreal office for a generous free sample.

INGRAM'S

Milkweed Cream

COUPON MCL-1-34
FRANCES INGRAM,
1239 Benoit St., Montreal, P.Q.

Please send me a generous Free Sample of Milkweed Cream.

Name.....

Address.....Prov.....

Why, I saw that item about Kalbstein in the paper myself, but it never would have occurred to me to—"

"What item?" I asked.

He went to the table on which a gas stove stood and brought back a copy of one of the morning papers. It was much rumpled, turned open to the Help Wanted section. He thumbed through it a minute, then pointed out a paragraph on the second page. It was headed:

"Kalbstein Back from Scenario Hunt Abroad." I glanced rapidly down the column: "In his stateroom aboard the Berengaria this morning, David Kalbstein, Eastern representative of . . . 'A dearth of good screen material,' Mr. Kalbstein said . . . 'Of course Hollywood would rather buy from Americans than from foreigners, but . . . The world wants to be amused. In these trying years . . .'" Had I not known Ursula Brandon to be one of the most sincere persons living, I might, as I read, have suspected her of dishonesty in denying that afternoon all knowledge of David Kalbstein. But, while it now seemed pretty obvious that she had seen this item, I felt sure that she had not been *conscious* of seeing it. As I laid down the paper my eye lighted upon a headline adjacent to the Kalbstein headlines: "Rainy Weather Due Tomorrow."

As far as Ursula Brandon was concerned, I thought, Q. E. D. But I would have been much happier at that moment—ininitely happier—if I could have believed, as the O'Malleys did, in the supernatural source of their message.

"Listen, Tom," I said. "You aren't putting any stock in this newspaper story about Kalbstein, are you? You know it's just the usual line of publicity hooley—doesn't mean a thing!"

I don't think Tom even heard me. He was busy straightening his tie in front of a heavily gilded mirror which hung on one dirty wall.

"You know, Bill," he flung at me, "I can hardly wait to get to old Kalbstein. Hoofers' Heaven will make millions in the movies—I don't know why I never saw it before. But I wasn't seeing anything and that's the

truth. What that message has done for me, Bill! It's made the blind see. Ma and me both. I can't tell you how much I thank you—and your cousin too. Why, your cousin has a chance to pull this whole country out of the depression . . ."

He talked so confidently—he seemed so transformed—that he moved me in spite of myself. And then, when Ma O'Malley came out of the bedroom, she was so transformed, too, in a low-cut evening gown that was fairly plastered with dirty ermine and tarnished gold. Every other minute I would feel myself carried along, as it were, on the mingled wave of their personalities—but then I would think of the morrow and the disappointment it seemed bound to bring them, and I would wish to God that I had minded my own business.

Nowadays at least it's possible for three people to get very drunk on twenty-five dollars in New York City; and that was precisely what the three of us proceeded to do. I was trying to drink myself into a haze so that I wouldn't have to think of the morrow. From about nine o'clock in the evening I remembered practically nothing. I have a vague picture of myself in front of the apartment house being handed over to the doorman, much later, by Tom O'Malley.

BUT I didn't really know anything until about ten o'clock the next morning. Then the phone ringing beside my bed woke me. Tom O'Malley's voice asked:

"How you feeling, Bill?"

I felt as though I had swallowed a horse. But I managed to mumble something like:

"All right—uh—feel all right."

"Well, I'm glad," he said. "You were pretty high last night. Ma and me didn't go to bed at all. We're still up. But we feel like we could go on celebrating for a week more."

In one instant all my troubled reflections of the night before came back to me—came back a hundredfold. I suppose my voice sounded confused and strange to Tom, for he said:

"Listen, Bill. I can tell you aren't feeling too good. But there's something Ma and me want to see you about. So if you'll let us come up there before we leave—you see, Bill, Kalbstein has been getting more and more enthusiastic, thinking it over, and this morning he sent us a wire and he wants us to leave on the afternoon train, and—"

"Train? Kalbstein?" I repeated after Tom dumbly. I suddenly gripped the telephone tight and whispered into the mouthpiece, "Tom, you don't mean you've already seen Kalbstein?"

Tom didn't answer for a minute; then he began to laugh.

"Why, of course we've seen him, Bill! Don't you remember? Last night in 21. He was with that little cutie. But you took the cutie over to the bar—don't you remember?—and that gave Ma and me the chance to talk to him—"

"Tom—Tom, you don't mean to say you *sold* the play?"

"Why, of course we sold the play," Tom said. "I thought I told you, Bill, Mbobu Smith never made a mistake in her life. But that wasn't all! Surely you remember, Bill. Kalbstein not only bought the play but he signed us up for the leads in it. That's why we're leaving for Hollywood today!"

Then he said, "Now what Ma and me want to see you about, Bill—besides wanting to thank you again, of course—is to ask you about this cousin of yours. I mean, for the sake of the country as a whole. Ma and me, we both feel sure that Mbobu Smith must have lots of other messages she'd like to get across, and it seems to us that you ought to urge your cousin—as a patriotic duty, you might say—to gather in all the messages she can for people like those big guns in Wall Street and in Washington and so on . . ."

But that would have been carrying it altogether too far. I simply couldn't face the prospect of my column stretching away into the future, forever saddled by a poet called Psyche. It was enough of a sacrifice I had to make for the O'Malleys.

THE END



True to the finest traditions, Murray presents an example of unrivalled artistry in Shoe Crafting.



TO THE LADIES

"Heel Hugger Shoes—by courtesy of Murray."

A familiar expression in Fashion centres where style is the dominant appeal.

That's why smart women all over Canada—who dare to be different—are joining the Heel Hugger parade.

Slendering—and remarkably comfortable.

Heel Hugger shoes are sold by leading shoe stores all over the Dominion.

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Heel Hugger Shoes carry that air of Distinction and elegance so typical of the master craftsman.

Put Your Best Foot Forward

TO THE LADIES

BECAUSE nobody should have more than \$25,000 a year or less than \$3,000."

Norman Hapgood's son, age fourteen, told his father that was why he had voted Socialist in a school election. Mr. Hapgood's daughter, age fifteen, gave her father the following reason for her militant pacifism:

"Because some nation must start disarming to set the example, and America ought to be first as usual."

From the above you can see that Norman Hapgood is closely in touch with our trends of youthful thought. He is also one of our most serious students of government. Now that every one is talking—and some are thinking—about this subject, Mr. Hapgood is a man of very current interest.

He doesn't believe we are letting our craze for novelty run away with us during our New Deal. We curb our taste for fads and fashions, he thinks, when we face our problems of government. He says:

"Between the choice of changing things too quickly or letting them remain too long after the evil is recognized, we are more liable to sin the second way."

Our new generation is better instructed, more articulate, more thoughtful, he says, than any generation we ever have produced. This summer Mr. Hapgood will teach modern problems to a lot of them at the University of California. He has written many books on government, edited various popular magazines, taken a literary hand in practical politics.

He does not believe that we are drifting away from democracy. "Democracy," he says, "is more a way of living than a form of government—and America has never lived more democratically than at present."

A WIFE loved to dance. Her doctor told her that she *ought* to dance—said she needed the exercise to keep her weight down. But her husband couldn't dance. He didn't know how. So she joined a class by herself and did her stepping with professional partners.

Soon she grew slimmer, sprightlier, brighter-eyed. Her husband noticed the happy improvement, and to himself he said:

Well, now, since dancing is so good for her, I really should learn, so that we can dance together. I'll surprise her, that's what I'll do—said he to himself.

Off he went, in secrecy, to a dancing teacher.

Within a few weeks he was able to amaze his mate by suggesting, in the nonchalant manner men assume when they spring surprises, that she and he might take in a show and go supper-dancing afterward.

She thought it was just one of his jokes.

But after the theater, when he took her to a night



club and actually led her out on the floor—that was when the trouble began.

They started, stumbled, stopped.

"You big joker," she laughed, "I knew you couldn't dance!"

"Oh, is that so!" he growled. "I suppose you think *you* know how to dance!"

They have been scrapping ever since. He learned all the steps one way, she learned them all another way. Both are stubborn. They go out dance-fighting all the time, and neither will give in.

After a while they will probably reach some sort of compromise—unless their bickering puts them on the road to Reno before that can happen.

The moral of this rather aimless history is, I suppose, that wives and husbands had better pick up their terpsichorean tricks hand in hand.

A READER wants to know how much twins cost, so I have looked the matter up.

Here are the latest market quotations:

Exclusive of your doctor's charges, acquiring a pair of twins will cost you from fourteen to twenty-eight dollars more than the advent of a singleton baby.

I get this information from one of the largest maternity hospitals, where a flat ward rate of fifty-nine dollars is charged for any childbirth, whether it is a single or a double.

Then they charge a dollar a day per infant for further care, which usually continues from two weeks to a month.

Installing twins in the family is therefore cheaper, you see, than having separate children. But I don't think anything can be done about popularizing it.

FOR the entertainment of those who globe-trot by sea, land, and air, a special volume of travel humor has just been issued.

It's called *Fun en Route*. Clay Morgan put it together. Simon and Schuster published it.

THE Californians have invented a salad surprise in which canned litchis are the novelty.

I find this salad delicious and recommend it with loud cheers.

Prepare a bed of shredded lettuce, endive, and watercress, all mixed lightly with plain French dressing. On this arrange a ring of slivers cut from an avocado pear or calavo.

In the center heap your preserved litchis—the white kind—well iced and drained. Dash a little lemon juice on the avocado and litchis. Decorate with very fine slices of radish.

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS



NORMAN HAPGOOD



PRINCESS KROPOTKIN

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN
LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION



READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

1 star means fairly good.

2 stars, good.

3 stars, excellent.

4 stars, extraordinary.

★★★½ STAND UP AND CHEER

THE PLAYERS: Warner Baxter, Ralph Morgan, Jimmy Dunn, Shirley Temple, Madge Evans, John Boles, Aunt Jemima, Arthur Byron, Stepin Fetchit, Nick Foran, Sylvia Roos, Mitchell and Durant.

UP to the point at which it becomes suddenly an erratic advertisement for the New Deal, with a finale parade including a four-year-old tap dancer and a brigade of chorus boys in firemen's hats, *Stand Up and Cheer* is a thoroughly satisfactory musical comedy. It has the appearance, as such a show should, of having been thrown together rather than artfully planned.

It is true that this apparent spontaneity sometimes takes the form of a hill-billy routine on a stage representing the skyline of New York. Even this was provided merely as an accidental gesture rather than with the solemn pride which Hollywood usually takes in its more bizarre absurdities.

Some one with a trace of helpful addle-headedness was obviously allowed to tamper with the script of *Stand Up and Cheer* at opportune moments. The result is that it includes such sequences as one in which a duck who looks and speaks like Jimmy Durante holds a long conversation with Stepin Fetchit, who is amazed to find Durante in "reduced circumstanxes"; an act in which two United States senators who have been introduced as straight characters proceed by gradual stages into a series of old-fashioned tumbling tricks in the office of a cabinet minister; and a dance by Shirley Temple, billed as a four-year-old, which was the first thing of its sort in the experience of this department that has failed to represent cruelty to the adults in the audience.

All this is strung together on a crackpot plot in which Warner Baxter functions as the head of a Washington Department of Amusement. He struggles bravely, with the assistance of Madge Evans, toward some faintly ambiguous but worthy end, which seems to be that of making the country safe for vaudeville actors.

The conclusion of the picture, with its stream of what not paddling through what is clearly the gate to the Fox lot with a few oversize radiator caps attached as decoration, is not a fitting climax for a scene in which Stepin Fetchit dives into a goldfish bowl in the effort to catch a haddock. The finale is not much improved by the spectacle of a horseman, who might better have been headless, singing from the clouds a song called *Out of the Red*, in which he conducts himself as though he were a symphony orchestra by waving his right arm.

Despite these defects, *Stand Up and Cheer* is first-rate entertainment, loud, lunatic, and lavish.

HILARITY HYPNOTISM HAPPINESS

Madge Evans and Warner Baxter in the entertaining musical film, *Stand Up and Cheer*.

**A Lunatic, Lavish "Musical," an Inter-
High in Rough Treatment for Miss**

★★★ THE WITCHING HOUR

THE PLAYERS: John Halliday, Sir Guy Standing, Judith Allen, Tom Brown, Olive Tell, Ferdinand Gottschalk, and others. Directed by Henry Hathaway.

THE most interesting personage in this picture is the proprietor (John Halliday) of a luxurious gambling hell who possesses, in addition to the suavity and aplomb expected in such characters, the convenient ability to do mind reading and simple tricks of hypnotism. Thus it is no trouble at all for him to tell his customers what cards they are holding by the simple expedient of guessing their reflections about what to bet. When the police decide to raid his establishment, he knows about it in advance and asks his clients to retire.

It seemed clear to this department that Augustus Thomas, who wrote the story, had created the hunch player whom ordinary track habitués imagine in their dreams. We were entirely prepared for the climax of *The Witching Hour* to arrive when Halliday placed a wager on the exact date of the sinking of the *General Slocum*, when the plot we had foreseen was abruptly shot to pieces. The fiancé (Tom Brown) of the gambler's daughter (Judith Allen) suddenly murders a local racketeer.

The rest of *The Witching Hour* shows Halliday doing tricks of vaudeville mesmerism to get Brown out of trouble. There is an old lawyer (Sir Guy Standing) who helps out in this emergency because he, too, has mental peculiarities, though of another sort. Every time a clock strikes twice, he hears music from supernatural radios and has hallucinations in which his old girl appears to him as a ghost. On one of these occasions she advises him to undertake the defense of the young murderer in *The Witching Hour* and he follows her instructions.

The two principals, Warren William and Joan Blondell in the farce picture *Smarty*.



Y,

A scene from The Witching Hour. Judith Allen and Tom Brown have prominent roles.



OTISM, MAKERS

ng Courtroom Melodrama, and a New
ndell Find Their Way to the Screen

RLY
LS

Any disappointment we felt at watching one of the best equipped gamblers who have ever emerged from a Hollywood sound track turn into nothing more than the witness at a murder trial was somewhat mitigated by the fact that The Witching Hour works itself into an interesting courtroom melodrama as well as a spirited defense of hypnotism—hypnotism being like the NRA and the theory that all newspaper reporters drink too much, one of those subjects for which Hollywood feels justified in crusading.

Halliday, Standing, Judith Allen, and Olive Tell act The Witching Hour with authority and distinction. Good shot: Ferdinand Gottschalk as a psychology professor called to the witness stand for the defense, snubbing the state's attorney, who questions his professional standing, by quoting a list of his degrees.

★★½ SMARTY

THE PLAYERS: Joan Blondell, Warren William, Edward Everett Horton, Frank McHugh, Claire Dodd, Joan Wheeler, Virginia Sale, Leonard Carey. Directed by Robert Florey.

ABOUT once in every six months there descends upon some Hollywood producer—with, it is probable, a faint rustle of curtains at the conference-room windows and a beating of invisible wings in the waste-paper basket—the idea that ladies enjoy rough treatment. This is the event which precedes the manufacture of a picture like Smarty—which, aside from its intellectual content, is merely one more parlor-and-bedroom anecdote designed as a triangle in which Edward Everett Horton has the short side.

In Smarty, Joan Blondell receives more punishment than she has in any picture since James Cagney lost his punch. Warren William reaches across a bridge table to cuff her in the first reel. Edward Everett Horton delivers a mild right jab about halfway through the picture. By the time it ends, Miss Blondell has gone back to her first opponent and is absorbing punishment on his sofa with the practiced stoicism of

the black-face target in the baseball concession at a county fair.

In the capacity of a punching bag, Joan Blondell invariably gives a good performance, but she has done it so often and has indicated her ability to perform in slightly more subtle functions so frequently, that to regard her as unworthy of them is a good deal like supposing that Greta Garbo would make a good ventriloquist's dummy because she has a Swedish accent.

Some of the early footage in Smarty is well written farce—like the scene in which Warren William tries to persuade Joan Blondell not to ask Horton to dinner when he has planned to take her to the theater. The picture is well acted except in moments when Warren William's efforts to combine the styles of John Barrymore and Robert Montgomery sometimes grow confusing.

SCREEN COMMENT

After ten years or so of viewing travel shorts of all descriptions this department has gathered the impression that in the minds of the producers of such pictures there exists an illusion about the Glamour of the East, or Spell of the Orient. This impression was recently corroborated by three travel shorts concerned with (1) cherry-blossom time near Tokyo; (2) a festival of some sort in India; (3) Balinese brats flying a kite.

Since there seem to be a few lines left at the bottom of this page, it may be as well to use them for the purpose of informing the producers of travel shorts that the Glamour of the East does not exist. The Spell of the Orient is something that originated in the minds of the founders of the National Geographic Society and should be allowed to remain there. The Ganges River possesses less charm than any body of water of comparable size in the entire world, with the possible exception of the Nile. The slums of Bombay are far less satisfactory as a subject for photograph than the flats southeast of Newark.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Tarzan and His Mate, Viva Villa! The Big Bad Wolf, No Greater Glory, The House of Rothschild, It Happened One Night, The Lost Patrol, Little Women.

★★★—I'll Tell the World, Famous Scenes from Pagliacci, \$20,000,000 Sweethearts, You're Telling Me, Men in White, Wild Cargo, The Crime Doctor, As the Earth Turns, Looking for Trouble, David Harum, Wonder Bar, Carolina, The Cat and the Fiddle, Catherine the Great, I've Got Your Number, Nana, Four Frightened People, Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen, Massacre, Moulin Rouge, Hi, Nellie, Fashions of 1934, Lady Killer, Man of Two Worlds, Queen Christina, Alice in Wonderland, Flying Down to Rio, The Women in His Life, Gallant Lady, Roman Scandals, Counsellor-at-Law, Dancing Lady, Eskimo Wife Traders, Design for Living, The Invisible Man, Only Yesterday, The Prizefighter and the Lady, Duck Soup, Cradle Song, Man's Castle, College Coach.





Big's feet went into the air as if some one

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

WE take our steelmaking seriously in Aurora, starting as soon as we are old enough to hold a man-sized chew in our left cheek, and staying at it long after the bronze medal with the likeness of Judge Gary on one side, which is given us for twenty-five years' continuous service, swings from our watch chains. In this respect Aurora is little different from the other towns of the Monongahela Valley, and it is only when you get down to cases and talk about the *best steelman* that ever lived that Aurora comes into its own. We have the best steelman that ever looked into an open hearth—and ours is not the idle boast other towns make, for we can show you our favorite son of Vulcan in person. His name is Steve Andrews, known wherever steel is made as "Big."

Big's arrival in Aurora was as important to the steel industry as the day Carnegie built his first open-hearth furnace on the banks of the Monongahela. He came unheralded and unsung, as Two-Up Mosley with his flair for fancy words once said, but he made himself known and heard soon enough.

It had been a scorcher at the mill. When the night shift came on, we all made a dash for Mosley's bar. We were on our fourth round when the swinging doors came open with a bang, and a laugh I'll never forget stopped the small talk as quickly as if some one had rapped up a wild heat. You would have thought we were posing for a group picture, the way we stood there gaping at the doorway. Tim Cleary, who was sixty-eight and had trouble with his eyes, rubbed an unbelieving hand over his forehead and mumbled:

"By Judas, boys! the heat's got me at last."

The sunlight coming through the door heightened the



B

IG!

. . . in Which a Steel-Mill Samson
Meets His Delilah and Learns a Thing
or Two About Blondes—Here's a Love
Story with a Wallop

make here—hairpins? Where I come from we use furnaces like this to heat our coffee."

Now, a remark like that in a steel town is practically an open invitation for the best man to step forward. Bill Morgan knew it was up to him. He leaned against the bar and questioned:

"Where the hell did you come from, mister?"

"I was born in a blast furnace, went to school in a mixer, and live in an open hearth," the stranger answered, a smile on his face as if he enjoyed very much the way things were going. "And I come over to this dump for a vacation, figuring to get a good rest while showing you thin-soup boilers how to make steel."

Two-Up wagged his head and grinned, mighty pleased with this kind of talk. The stranger gave him a broad wink.

"BARTENDER, set up the drinks for my friend here—that is, if you think he's strong enough to hold hard liquor."

"Aw, Bill here likes his liquor," Two-Up said, catching on right away.

We moved back to give Bill the room he would need when he refused the drink, and somehow or other I got shoved back in the crowd where I didn't see just what did happen. But I heard a roar of laughter from Two-Up, and when I got back to the front where I could see what was going on, I was so surprised you could have knocked me over with a six-inch billet. There was Bill, his face down in the liquor he had dumped on the bar, with the stranger holding Bill's head down with one hand and Bill's arms with the other.

"Whisky is God's gift to tired workers," he was saying as he rubbed Bill's nose in the spilled whisky as you would a forgetful puppy's, "and it never should be wasted."

With that he let go of Bill's neck and walked toward the door. Two-Up was laughing so hard I thought he was going to bust the veins in his neck. From the doorway the stranger faced us.

"A fortune teller once told me my name was Steve Andrews, but all my friends call me Big. They tell me Polack Mary runs a pretty fair eating house. I'll be there if any one is looking for me. Good night to one and all, and thanks for the use of the hall."

And out he went, his booming laugh drifting back.

by OWEN FRANCIS

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES DE FEO

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to introduce the
famous



A Segal One Piece Razor - Value 50c

2 Segal Double Edge Blades - Value 14c

Giant Tube of Minty's Shaving Cream - Value 25c

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At All Good Drug Stores

59¢

The Segal Safety Razor is precision set at the perfect shaving angle. The blades can be slipped on or off in a jiffy. It can be cleaned in two seconds. Ask your druggist to show you how easily it works. You'll want it! This deal is the greatest value ever offered.

IF YOU CAN'T get this deal at your druggist, pin a \$1 bill to your name and address, mail to us and we will send you a Segal Safety, 7 Segal Blades and a giant tube of Minty's Shaving Cream, post paid -

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Non-inflated CIRCULATION

Every copy of Liberty is bought and paid for in advance. It has no subscriptions in arrears. Its net sale, therefore, represents 100% interested readership.



"So his name is Big," said Two-Up. "Well, his name suits me. Boys, you have just seen Ananias in the body of Samson."

I looked in the Bible when I got home, and found out that Samson was the strongest guy that ever lived and Ananias was the biggest liar. Two-Up's description of Big fitted to a T. He talked big, he acted big, and he stayed that way until a little baby-sipping waitress came to work in the Acropolis Sweet Shop. But that's getting far ahead of the story.

Polack Mary's, where Big took room and board, was the best place in town for a steelworker to live. For one thing, Mary could put together as fine a chicken paprika with noodles as man ever sat down to on a Sunday afternoon; for another, she had the same conviction that most of us had: God made pay nights for every one, herself included, to get as drunk as humanly possible.

MARY was plenty of woman. Her waist tapered to a slender forty inches from a pair of man-sized shoulders, and she would weigh in at an even two hundred before eating; and she was pretty in a big sort of way. She had a mop of taffy-colored hair that didn't need a curling iron to bend, her blue eyes sparkled and her cheeks had a healthy glow. Somehow or other, she always managed to look as if she had just taken a bath and put on a fresh starched apron.

A lot of the boys had been eying Mary ever since Pete, her late husband, had forgotten to let go of a bag of coal he was throwing in a high carbon ladle. A couple of them had screwed up courage enough to have a talk with Mary about getting married, figuring a healthy woman like Mary would welcome a man around the house that she could make happy by her cooking. Mary gave them all the laugh, saying when she got married again it was going to be a real man and not a putty imitation. The matter was pretty definitely settled when Ivan Moxley, with several drinks under his belt, called on Mary one night. To show her that he was her logical mate, Ivan turned the three-hundred-pound ice box on to the kitchen floor. Mary lifted the ice box to its natural position, and threw Ivan, along with a section of the kitchen door, out into the yard. After that Polack Mary had more peace.

Mary didn't bother her head much about men. She was all wrapped up in Pete, a likely-looking lad of ten, to whom she had handed down a heritage of her husky frame. She was saving her money to send him off to college, in the fond hope that he would some day become President of the United States.

On the first morning at the boarding house, Big swaggered into the dining room and took the first chair he saw. It was the seat Polack Mary always sat in. When she saw Big in her accustomed place, she told him:

"The next seat is yours, Mr. Andrews."

"What's the matter with this one?" Big demanded, scooping half the dish of potatoes on to his plate. "It suits me all right."

Mary stood with her mouth open. No one had ever talked back to her like that.

"Come on," said Big, making no effort to rise. "Get that simple look offen that dumb pan of yours and pass around some of the groceries I'm paying for—I can't fool around here all day."

As meek as a lamb, Mary sat down in the chair next to Big and passed him the pancakes. She watched with admiration in her eyes as he stowed away enough breakfast for a dozen men. She scarcely touched her own food, taking only three eggs and one extra helping of potatoes.

When Big finished eating, he gave Mary an approving pat that would have felled an average-sized mule.

"Not bad—not bad at all. You ain't so much for looks, but you're hell with a skillet. Keep it up, old girl, and you and me will get along with no arguments."

The look Mary gave him was shameless.

She wore herself down to a mere hundred and eighty-five worrying about pleasing him, cooking meals that would have made any housewife in Aurora blush with envy, and suffering the agonies of the damned by squeezing herself into a girdle which made her waist two inches smaller. She even told Big how much money she had saved, and hinted about a house up in New Town that was for sale. But Big gave her no encouragement, taking her attentions as if they were coming to him along with his board and room.

YOUNG PETE thought Big was the greatest man that ever lived. Out of some fire brick that he brought home from the mill, Big rigged up a contraption down in the cellar. Young Pete stole an iron kettle out of the kitchen, and Big lined the bottom with dolomite and stuck a gas burner under it to give them heat. They called it "Open Hearth Number One," and Young Pete melted up everything he could find.

She tried to put a stop to such foolishness, but Big told her to mind her own business, and told Young Pete to go ahead and some day he would make a first helper. Whatever Big said was law with Pete.

Big took Bill Morgan's place on Number Seven furnace, and the company could have fired three other men and still have been even. Now, an open-hearth furnace on a blistering hot day is not exactly a summer resort, and Number Seven, which should have been rebuilt a year before, was a man-killer. But it was a furnace where steel could be made, and to Big that was all that was needed.

He bolstered up the roof, put fire brick tenderly back into place, and worked some magic with the flues that kept them pulling together.

He went about his work as if he knew what a God-given privilege it was to make steel and was anxious to show his appreciation. I've never seen any one as proud of his strength as Big was. He kept a pile of ravel rods near the water trough, and before starting to work he would strip down to the waist, place one of the rods around a girder, and bend it into a hairpin to flex the muscles on his back. After making scrap Big would feel sufficiently warmed up to go to work. That trick and a few others, like throwing the police chief of Homestead and two of his men into his own jail, soon won him quite a name along the valley.

Each year, one month is set aside as record month. Then is the time that every plant in the valley tries to make more steel than it or any other mill has made in a similar thirty-day period. The only reward given is a new broom tacked to the roof of the mill establishing the record, and the opportunity of strutting around telling every one how good your mill is. There was a time when Aurora won each year; but of late Homestead had been walking off with the honors with a regularity that was disgusting. But when that year's record month came around, we established a tonnage for thirty days' work that the boys are still trying to better. Without Big it would have been another Homestead victory, but with Big running Number Seven they never had a chance. He had all of us half dead trying to keep up with him.

ON the night we nailed the broom to our open-hearth roof, we took the town apart. The Old Man furnished free liquor and eats, and in the square by the post office a platform had been rigged up and we gathered around listening to a lot of speeches by the white-collar gang.

Of course Big was there, as large as life and twice as handsome, telling everybody how good he was.

He was swaggering up to the keg for another go at the free liquor, when a little blonde that he had shouldered out of the way stepped forward and knocked the tin cup out of his hands.

"If you was any sort of a gentleman, you big ape," she said, "you'd be more careful and not tramp on a lady's feet."

Big gave her a fierce scowl.

"Do you know who I am?" he demanded.

"You may be the legitimate son of the Old Man himself, but I don't give a damn. For two pins I'd have my boy friend beat some manners into you."

"Now wait a minute, Della," said the flat-faced Swede who was with her. "Why, Big here and me is good friends."

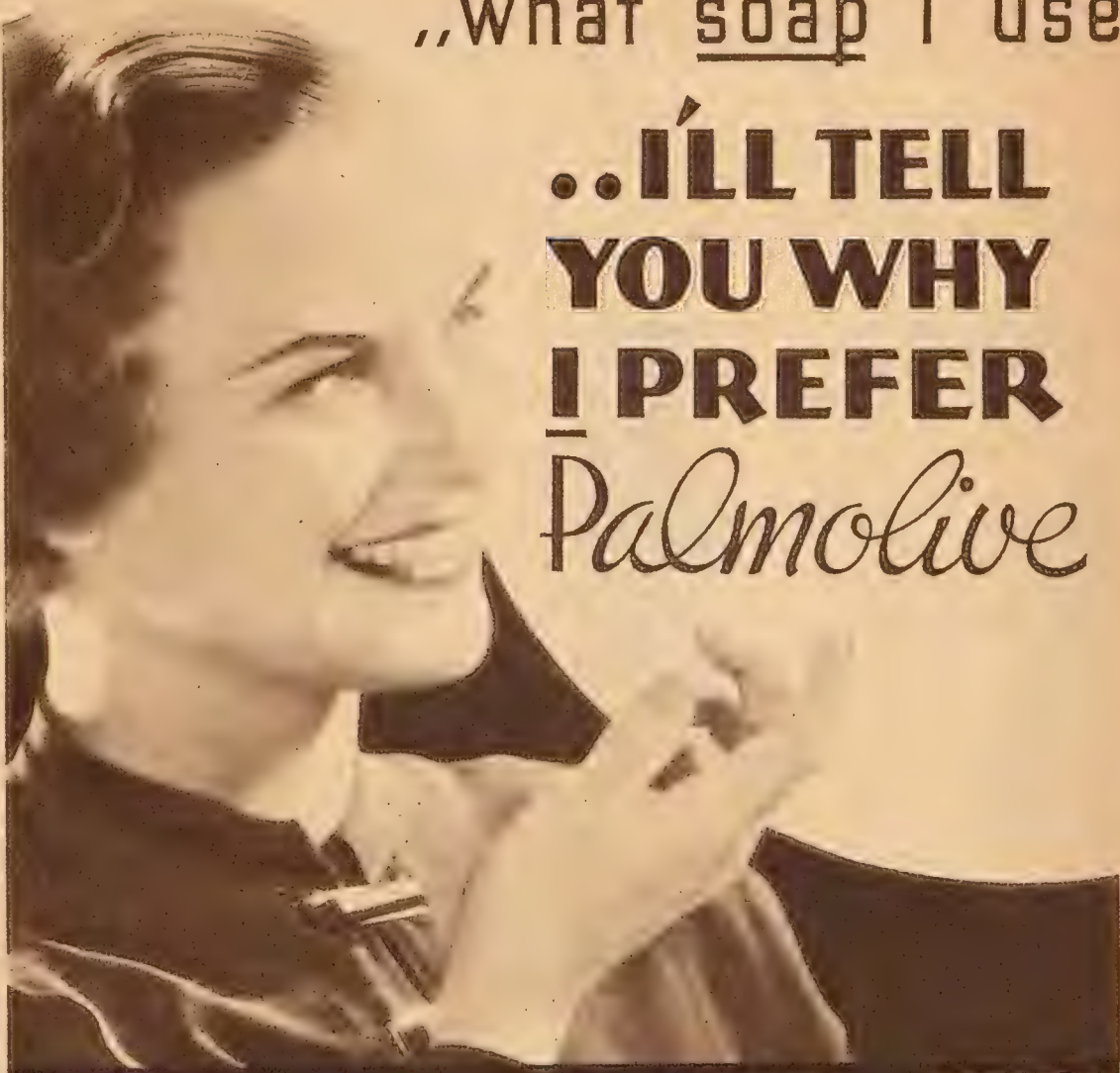
"Big," echoed Della, sort of dazed. "You ain't Big Steve Andrews?"

"That's me," said Big with a grin. "And ain't it too bad that your gentleman friend here has to be going?"

"Yeah, I was just shoving off," said the Swede, catching on to what

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TATTOO

YOUR LIPS

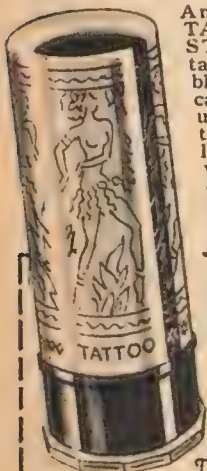
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Big meant. "Well, I'll drop into the Acropolis and be seeing you, Della." "Don't bother yourself unduly," said Della haughtily. She swelled out her chest like a pouter pigeon and gave Big the eye. "Would you anticipate escorting me over to the Acropolis, Mr. Andrews? I'm fatigued to beat hell and feel the need of refreshments."

Big grinned. Della glued herself to his arm as if she had grown there and, giving the other girls a snooty look, pranced down the street with Big.

I'm only a melter foreman and not a mind reader, and what Big saw in Della was beyond me. She was a frizzy-haired blonde, her red dress was pulled so tight around the hips that she could hardly sit, and she smelled like the powder counter of a five-and-ten store on bargain day. She was the kind that avoids frying pans like the plague and thinks that children are nice when they belong to somebody else. But she and Big were as thick as slag from a high carbon heat, and we saw very little of Big around Mosley's after that. Pete and Mary saw him only when he came home to eat and to change clothes.

Each night that she and Big went to a dance, Della would pick out some unsuspecting mug and tell him, with her eyes, that with a little encouragement from him she would leave the dumb-bell she was with in a hurry. Of course the poor sap, being out for a large evening, would ask her to dance, in the hope of taking her home when the festivities were at an end. After panting in his ears for a couple of dances and getting him enthusiastic and reckless, Della would tell Big, with a pouting lip, that she was being insulted. The result would be immediate and satisfying: Big would throw the would-be lover through the nearest window; Della's eyes would sparkle and she would throw herself into Big's arms with coos of delight, calling him "big strong daddy." In this manner half the able-bodied men in the valley were put out of working order.

"HISTORY repeats itself," said Two-Up as we talked it over one night. "The Bible speaks at length on a lad who thought he was about the best that ever came down the pike until a floosie by the name of Delilah got hold of him. I said when Big hit town that his name should have been Samson, and now along comes a gal by the name of Della. Sometimes I think I missed my calling when I went into the saloon business."

Spring in the Monongahela Valley is never officially accepted until Maxwell's Mammoth Amusement Company pitches its tents down on the flats below the loading yards. The Carnival lasts a week, which is about the length of time needed to take all the dollars we held out of our pay envelopes.

This year was no exception, and the opening night found us all there. About ten o'clock a drum thumped

and one of the spieler called us down to the end of the Midway, where a special attraction was to be presented.

They had rigged up a platform, and on to it the spieler led a squat, bull-necked, greasy Greek whom he introduced as the Champion Wrestler of the Lebanon Valley. The Grappling Greek, as he was called, would meet all comers for a cash prize of a hundred dollars in gold. All you had to do to win the hundred was to pin the Greek to the canvas. It looked easy enough, for the Greek was as bloated as the bartender at a Slovak picnic, and several of the boys had a try at it. The Greek threw them one after the other without working up a sweat, a sneering bored look on his ugly pockmarked face.

"Step forward, gents!" the spieler wheedled. "The manly art of combat between gladiators is clean, wholesome, invigorating, and in this case profitable. It has been enjoyed by red-blooded men since the days of Rome, when gallant knights jousted for a lady's smile."

A SNEERING voice that we all knew interrupted:

"Give me that hundred and I got another that says I'll lay him flatter than a bartender's instep."

Yeah, it was Big. With Della on his arm, he had just arrived on the scene and was pushing up to the ring-side. The spieler beamed.

"Step right up, my good man. Although it is against my principles to make wagers of any kind, your offer challenges my sporting blood. Does any one else care to bet on the home-town boy?"

Several of us did and pushed forward with our money ready. The spieler obliged us one and all.

The bets were finally all made, and the spieler rapped on a tin water bucket as a signal for the match to begin. Stripped to the waist, Big came out of his corner, a savage snarl on his face, his hands opening and closing. The Greek shuffled out flat-footed, his head and shoulders bent forward at right angles to his body, his arms hanging loose at his sides, his sleepy-looking eyes watching the toes of Big's shoes.

Head on, they came together, with Big's arms opening wide to circle the Greek. The Greek stepped to one side with a speed that was amazing, his hands gripped Big's arm below the elbow, and planting his squat body firmly on his spread-apart feet, he gave a grunt. Big's feet went into the air as if some one had thrown a noose about his neck and jerked it. He hit the floor with a thud that shook the ring, and the Greek was on top of him, pinning his shoulders to the canvas.

The spieler banged the bucket. The Greek arose to shuffle back to his corner, the bored look settling again on his flat face.

We all stood with our mouths hanging open in amazement. None of us were as surprised as Big. He lay on his back with the most surprised look I have ever seen on the face of a man.

TATTOO

Some one in the crowd laughed. This seemed to bring Big back to his senses. Letting out a bellow that the folks said afterwards could be heard as far down the river as Dravosburg, Big lumbered to his feet and lunged toward the Greek. The Greek bent down. Using his body as a lever, he threw Big so hard my teeth rattled. I don't know why it seemed so funny, but we all roared with laughter and one or two of the fellows began shouting insults at Big.

You would have cracked a rib watching Della as Big slunk out of the ring.

"Why, you big four-flusher!" she said. "I was never so humiliated in my life! For two pins I'd sock you in the nose myself."

With that she flounced up the Midway, Big trailing after her.

We didn't see Big the rest of the week. One night, about a week after the Carnival had left town, he slunk into Mosley's and in a voice as meek as a Sunday-school teacher's bummed Two-Up for a drink. Two-Up set a bottle out and Big took it into the back room, where he sat at a table by himself, alternately drinking and crying.

"It worked out just like I knew it would," said Two-Up sadly.

IT was about closing time, and Two-Up was setting out the last round of drinks, when the door banged open and Polack Mary came in. Her eyes were flashing; her breath was coming in short gulps.

Straight over to the table where Big sat she went. With one hand she grabbed the front of Big's coat and dragged him to his feet; the other hand swung in a wide arc and came to a sudden stop on Big's jaw.

"What's the matter, you?" she bellowed, forgetting most of her English. "You makit big fool of yourself dis time. Cry like little baby. Ya makit me sick! For you I don't care nothing, but you makit my Pete think you are bum. You gone forget dis business and go back to mill or I fix you plenty. You hear what I talkit, Steve Andrews?"

"Yes, Mary, I hear," answered Big as meek as could be.

"Dat's fine. Comit on home now."

And out the door she went, leading Big by the hand, leaving the rest of us staring after her in wonder and admiration.

Sure enough, Big was back in the mill the next morning. But it was not the Big we had known. He went about his work with a hangdog air, spending his spare time sitting alone in the flue alleyways, his head in his hands. He looked and acted like a man who had finished living and was still walking around mechanically.

THINGS went along until June came around, and with it the last day of the public-school term. It was a day each year that we looked forward to with no great enthusiasm, for the Old Man had several years before started a custom that no other mill was foolish enough to follow: each year a gang of kids from school are brought around the mill to give them a good start for their future steel-making days. It always had us shivering in our shoes that one of the kids was going to fall in a ladle, and praying that one of the nosey teachers would.

This year they came trooping in as usual with their "ohs" and "ahs," and grouped about Number Eight, that was just about ready to tap out. Young Pete was along on his first trip, and he was the happiest kid in the lot. He swaggered up and down, having a fine time telling the other kids the words he had heard Big use when they made steel in Polack Mary's cellar. Big was nowhere in sight.

The whole bunch were gaping at Number Eight when a craneman yelled and began pulling his whistle cord frantically. Every man on the platform started for the pits on the run.

"Pete! Johnny!" one of the teachers screamed.

What I saw when I reached the edge of the platform, I can still see whenever I close my eyes: Pete and Johnny were down in Number Seven's pit. Above them a slag box was teetering on the edge, one crane chain hooked up

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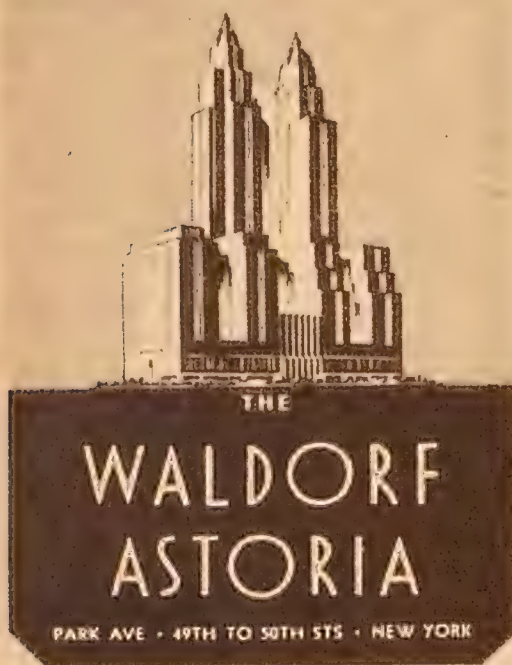


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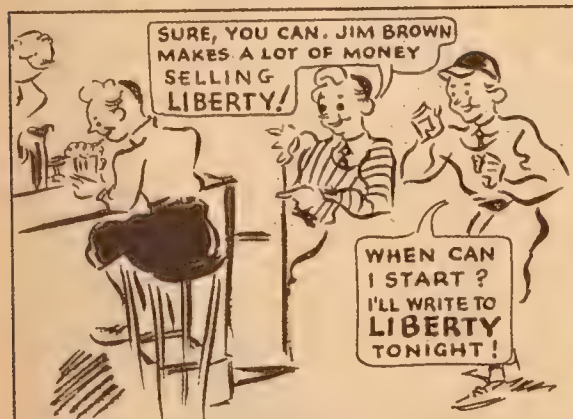


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AGE..... Have one of your parents show approval by signing here:

and the other swinging free. Pete had crawled down in the pit and, to show Johnny what a steelman he was, had rapped on the girder. The crane-man heard the signal and had started to hoist. Too late he saw what had happened. In a few seconds the box would fall, crushing the two kids beneath it. There was nothing we could do but watch.

Where Big came from, or how he got down in the pit so fast, the Lord only knows. But there he was suddenly, his hands above his head, the slag box resting on his shoulders just like the picture in the geography of the guy who holds up the world.

"Stop that yelling and get the hell out of here!" Big yelled at Pete.

Pete and Johnny scrambled out of the pit. We ran to help Big. There is no human that can hold a slag box's full weight and the box was slipping down over the edge. Pete and Johnny just made the top of the pit when the box fell, pinning Big beneath it.

We hoisted the box out and lifted Big up. His left leg was sheared off above the knee, his chest was caved in, there was a six-inch gash in his head. But he was smiling.

"What the hell did you bunch of fatheads push the box down on me for? I could have held it like it was all day!"

With that, his eyes fell shut as if he had suddenly decided to go to sleep, and we carried him out to the ambulance waiting at the gate.

The first time I went up to see Big at the hospital, I got the shock of my life.

Polack Mary was sitting alongside of the bed, and Big was holding her hand and looking up into her eyes

as if she was Greta Garbo. Mary had been to see Big every day, and strapped to the bed as he was, with a chance to do a little thinking for the first time in his life, Big had at last come to his senses. He was begging Polack Mary to marry him when I came in, and Mary was saying "no" each time. But by the grin on her face and the wink she gave me I knew that Polack Mary was the happiest woman on earth.

Polack Mary kept Big on pins and needles until the day he was let out of the hospital. Then she led him down to Mosley's bar, where we all had gathered.

IT was the swellest wedding I have ever seen. Polack Mary was dressed up in silk and lace that she had saved from her former wedding gown. Young Pete was telling everybody that I had promised him a job as cinderman as soon as he was fourteen.

And Big was peg-legging up and down, proudly pulling up his pants leg to show his wooden leg. The party lasted until time to go to work on the day shift.

Polack Mary is still running the best boarding house in Aurora and feels that she is the luckiest woman in the world. Young Pete is first helper on Number Seven, and the new broom swings each year from our open hearth.

But ask young Pete who is the best steelman in the valley and he will tell you:

"Big Steve Andrews, my dad!"

Every one in Aurora agrees with him.

THE END

GOOD BOOKS

By OLIVER SWIFT

★★★ **THE FOOL OF VENUS** by George Cronyn. Covici-Friede. The story of Peire Vidal, the troubadour of the Crusades. Ribald and colorful.

★★★ **NO THANK YOU** by Vash Young. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. The author is a man who has learned about important things—important to every human being facing life today. Here is experience and a word of courage and hope.

★★+ **THE OPPERMANNs** by Lion Feuchtwanger. The Viking Press. The most important of a number of books appearing on the German-Jewish question. This problem is novelized with all the impressive force that Feuchtwanger used in previous books. Others on the same subject are:

★★ **MURDER—MADE IN GERMANY** by Heinz Liepmann. Harper & Brothers.

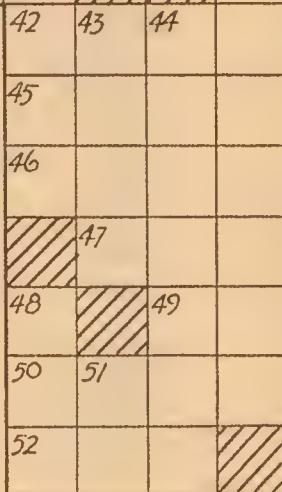
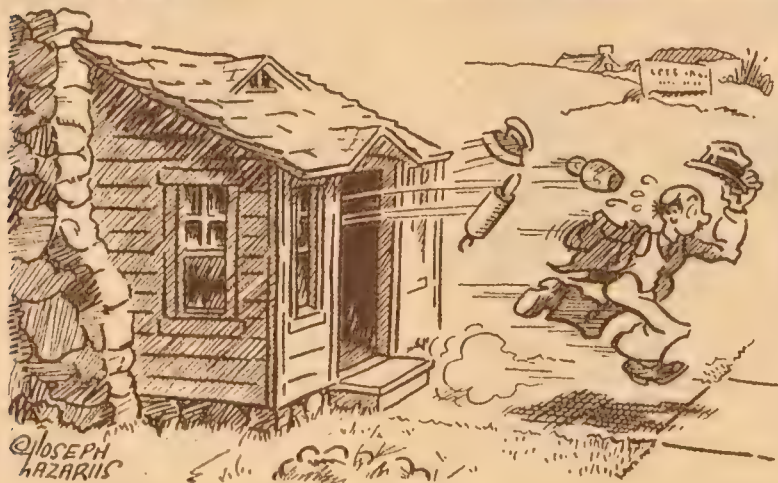
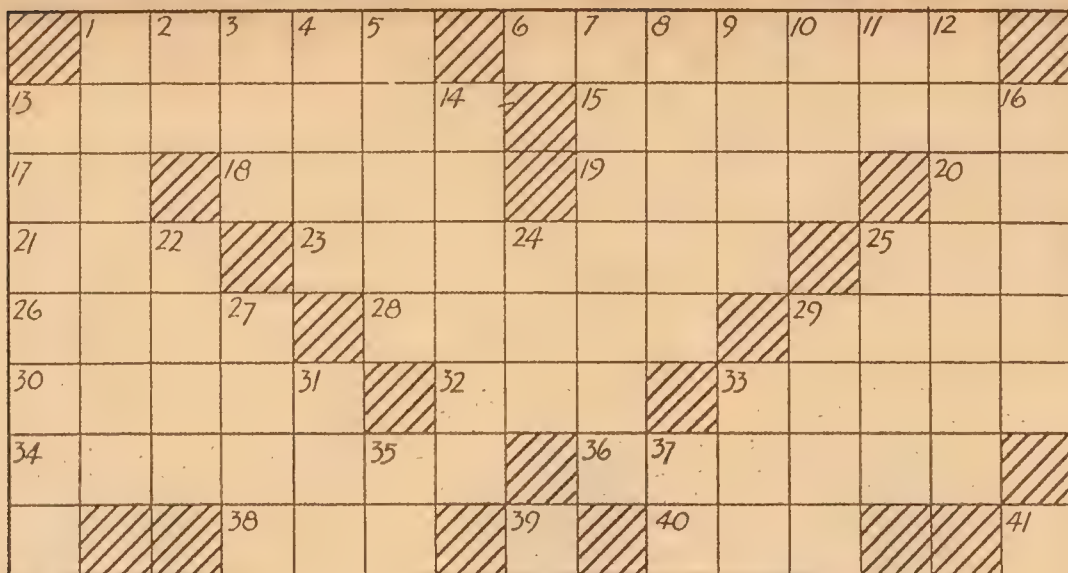
★★ **GERMAN FAMILY** by L. C. N. Stone. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

★★ **PEASE PORRIDGE HOT** by Nalbro Bartley. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

An interesting study of a pampered girl, and what can happen to a marriage with love only on one side.

★ **SALT HOUSE** by Hazel Hawthorne. Frederick A. Stokes Company. A woman and two "lovers." She spends time with each and gets stupidly drunk.

CROSS WORDS



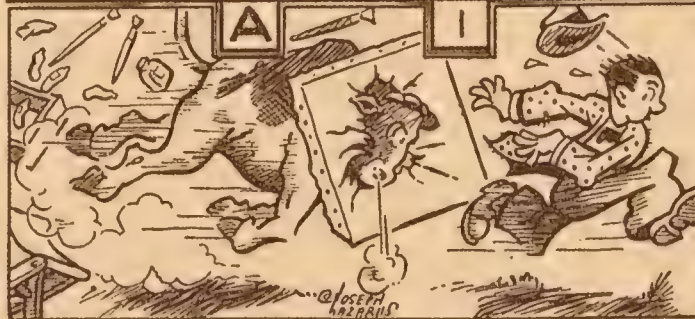
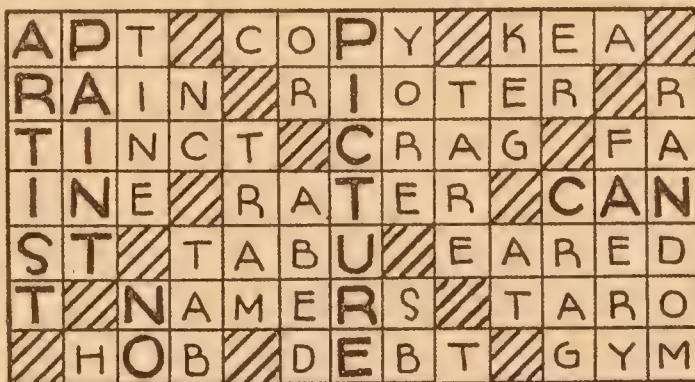
After solving the cross word puzzle see if you can find the saying suggested in the drawing among the words in the completed puzzle.

HORIZONTAL

- 1 Renowned
- 6 Possessions
- 13 A district in Africa
- 15 Atonement
- 17 A conjunction
- 18 Earnest attachment
- 19 Sounded
- 20 Domestic bovine quadruped
- 21 Trinity College, Dublin (abbr.)
- 23 A noted waterfall
- 25 A fabulous bird
- 26 Lime tree
- 28 Drags
- 29 The head
- 30 Pertaining to gold
- 32 A measure for cloth
- 33 To entangle
- 34 Welcomed
- 36 Defiled
- 38 Fellow of the Society of Arts (abbr.)
- 39 Indefinite article
- 40 An ingredient of beer
- 42 A player's stake
- 45 Part of the foot (plural)
- 46 Kind of tree (plural)
- 47 To imitate
- 48 Cry of appeal
- 49 Tellurium (abbr.)
- 50 Contends with
- 52 Also

VERTICAL

- 1 A joker
- 2 Man's nickname
- 3 Prefix denoting ill
- 4 Black
- 5 King of Israel
- 7 Falls ungracefully
- 8 Rips
- 9 Girl's name
- 10 Label
- 11 Half an em
- 12 Dashed (colloq.)
- 13 A small house
- 14 Raised
- 16 To exceed
- 22 Evil in a great degree
- 24 Girl (colloq.)
- 25 To talk with foolish enthusiasm
- 27 Gladly
- 29 To examine by touch
- 31 Cents (abbr.)
- 33 River (Spanish)
- 35 Each (abbr.)
- 37 Exclamation
- 41 Those who lease
- 43 Girl's name
- 44 Enticed
- 48 Egg cells
- 51 At home



Answer to last week's puzzle

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

FEISAL the Fearless he was called by his subjects. This Arab chieftain who died so unexpectedly and tragically in Switzerland a short time ago was recognized everywhere as remarkable. He was the only man whose word was law among the turbulent tribes of Arabia. They revered and respected him not only because he was a direct descendant of the Prophet, but because of his powerful personality.

He was the son of Shereef Husein, the ruler of the sacred city of Mecca, who for a short time was King of Hejaz in Arabia. Born in 1885 at Taif, near Mecca, Feisal was sent to be raised among the Arab tribesmen of the desert. He was seven years old when the Turkish government ordered his father to come to Constantinople (now Istanbul) and kept him there as a sort of hostage—almost a prisoner. Feisal accompanied his father in that involuntary exile. In the Constantinople of those days, intrigue permeated the atmosphere. Everybody believed the country doomed to immediate dissolution. It was only natural that Feisal began to indulge in dreams of conquest; dreams of the creation of a great independent Arab empire.

Feisal attended one of the best schools of Constantinople. He was an excellent student, but he did not make many friends. This was partly due to the fact that his father, under constant fear of the Sultan's spies, had warned him to keep to himself. But the boy's thoughts and dreams were not of the kind he would have confided. The Arabs have never recognized the supremacy of the Turks. This young Arab lived, in thought, in a future wherein he would avenge the past.

When he was not studying at home he could usually be found wandering in the neighborhood of one of the old city's sacred shrines; often in the great churchyard of Pera, most romantic of all romantic spots of ancient Byzantium. He liked to sit on one of its white marble tombs under a dark green cypress tree. There, gazing on the beauty of the quiet Bosphorus, he would think hour after hour.

One summer afternoon when he felt more than usually sad, his attention was suddenly attracted to a girl of about ten or twelve years, evidently a European, who was sitting on a tomb not far from him.

She was a lovely child with beautiful hazel eyes, brown hair falling over her shoulders, and a slender, almost fairylike figure. She was quite alone, and apparently in grief. On an impulse which he later called "fate," Feisal approached her and asked her whether she needed help of some kind. The girl replied no, but that she always felt sad when she visited the churchyard, because her old nurse, who had died two years before, was buried there, under the tombstone upon which she sat. "She was such a good nurse, too," she added, "and she loved me as no one ever had before or will again."



U. & U. News photo

The late King Feisal. His love refused to jeopardize the fulfillment of his royal destiny.

Feisal, out of the wisdom of his seventeen years, would have liked very much to tell this beautiful child that it would not be long before she would find but too many men eager to love her. But something made him refrain. He sat down beside her and they talked. Her name was Anita, and she was the only child of an English father and a Russian mother. Her parents were both dead, and she was living with an aunt whose husband was attached to the British embassy. These relatives had no children. Although they did not ill-treat Anita, yet they did not make her happy, and she was always glad when she could escape out of their house and seek refuge at the tomb of the old Turkish nurse.

Feisal forgot his reserve and his father's injunctions. He told the girl who he was. She was mature for her age. For the first time in his life the Arab youth felt that he had a friend in whom he could confide his joys and sorrows.

They agreed, when they parted, to meet again at the same spot. Soon these meetings, which became weekly ones, marked red-letter days for them both. And this lasted year after year, until Anita grew into a beautiful woman, in Feisal's eyes the most beautiful one he had ever seen. Yet he admitted no thought of love for her. She was a Christian, he a devout Mussulman; marriage was out of the question.

When Anita began to go out in the Christian society of Pera, she was immensely admired; but she seemed to have no eyes for any suitor. One evening, at a foreign embassy, she happened to see Feisal leaning against a pillar and watching her intently. On impulse the girl went up to him.

"Won't you dance this waltz with me?" she asked.

"But I cannot, Anita," replied Feisal. "Mussulmans never dance with Christian women."

The girl became deadly pale. "I am sorry," she said.



of a King



Neither of them could speak. He simply took her in his arms, crushing her in his passionate embrace.

"I had forgotten. Forgive me; I won't offend again."

She turned and went quickly away. The next time they met, her manner had changed. A shadow seemed to have fallen between them.

In the silent duel which followed, it was the man who proved the weaker. Feisal knew that he loved Anita with a wild passion. But he was a direct descendant of the Prophet. He had a mission to perform. Could he sacrifice his chances of restoring an Arab kingdom in the desert?

HE fought it out with himself through a sleepless night, and when morning came he knew what he would do.

That afternoon he was first at the usual trysting place. When Anita appeared, beautiful as ever, the look in her lovely eyes rent his heart. Everything else forgotten, he implored her to become his wife!

The girl put her hands on his shoulders. Her eyes searched his. At last she drew his head down and touched his forehead with her lips.

"It is useless, useless," she murmured. "One cannot go against fate. I shall always be to you something more than anybody else in the world, but I cannot marry you!"

"Not even if I become a king in the desert?"

"Not even then!"

Constantinople is one of the most gossipy places on earth, and it could not have been expected that the friendly relations existing between the young and brilliant Musliman Feisal and pretty Christian Anita would remain a secret forever. At last the scandal—because scandal it was—reached the ears of old Shereef Husein, Feisal's father. He summoned Feisal into his presence and peremptorily ordered him to marry his cousin the Princess or Shereefa Huzayma.

To his surprise the young man did not object. Feisal was crushed by Anita's answer, and perhaps he felt too a dull desire for reprisal.

On the eve of his wedding day a letter was brought to him. It was brief. Anita wished him every happiness—then added a few words which were to change everything:

by **PRINCESS CATHERINE RADZIWILL**

"It would be a comfort to me to say good-by to you. I shall be at the usual place this afternoon."

After all, Feisal was only twenty-one. He found Anita standing where they had exchanged their first love vows. Neither of them could speak. He simply took her in his arms, crushing her in his passionate embrace.

"Anita," he murmured, "just say the word, and I will drop everything, forget everything, and carry you away to the desert, which belongs to me, and where we will be happy, far from all those who would part us!"

She gently freed herself from his embrace, and drew him down beside her on the white marble tombstone.

"No," she said; "I can't. You have a mission and must fulfill it. Your father is right. You must marry the woman he has chosen for you. But we can still be everything to each other. I am yours, yours forever, and this is what I wanted to say to you. Whenever you want me, you need only send me a message, and I will be here, here where we have been so happy."

The day after this memorable meeting Feisal was married with great pomp to his cousin.

A new existence began for the young man. He turned his attention to politics. The Young Turk Party was beginning to make itself felt, and Feisal soon became one of its most prominent members. Thanks to its efforts, old and wicked Abdul-Hamid was dethroned, and Feisal was reported to have played an important part in the coup.

But he soon tired of what he considered a life of inaction. His father having returned to Mecca, he took command of his father's soldiers, left Constantinople, and went back to his native country. Before long Anita followed him there.

Her intimacy with Feisal was known to more than a few people, although it would have been difficult to prove that it existed, so discreetly was it carried on. Reckless in her own affairs, she yet knew how to keep herself in hand whenever Feisal and his welfare were in question.

Among the foreign colony of Pera people had smiled or shaken their heads when the name of Anita was mentioned, but had never contemplated shutting their doors to her. But when she followed her lover to Arabia, things changed. The desert has its own morals. Those half-wild men could not accept the idea of a chieftain of theirs enamored of a Christian woman. Feisal's position became difficult, and no one knows what might have happened if at this point the World War had not broken out.

During August, 1914, Feisal was quartered in Asir with his troops. Secret negotiations were started between him and the British government, negotiations in which Anita played an important part. In June, 1916, he was in command of a strong force of Arabs at Medina which was defeated by the Turks. They compelled him to withdraw to the hills, broken and discouraged. Anita came to the rescue. She brought him an utterly unexpected ally in the person of the now famous Lawrence, author of *Revolt in the Desert*.

The two men understood each other at once, and together they planned and carried through the campaign that eventually enabled General Allenby to take Jerusalem and Damascus.

FEISAL hoped, as Lawrence hoped for him, to be created king of the newly constituted Syrian state. But politics interfered. There existed a secret treaty between the Allied powers which ceded to France a large part of Mesopotamia, and Feisal's life dream of uniting all Arabia was shattered.

Although he had been proclaimed King of Syria with the assent of Great Britain, the French, under General Gouraud, marched on Damascus in the summer of 1920 and expelled him. He barely escaped with his life, and sought refuge in London, completely broken-hearted.

Lawrence came to the rescue of the deposed Arab chieftain. Feisal had somehow got the idea that Lawrence had joined the ranks of his enemies, and at first would have nothing to do with him. But Anita knew better. She brought together the two former friends.

Shortly afterward, an insurrection broke out in Irak. Britain's pledge to give that country a government of its own under a king of its own race had not been fulfilled. Lawrence nominated Feisal for king, and got his appointment not only by the British Cabinet but by all the great European powers. His selection was confirmed by a plebiscite in which ninety-six per cent of Irak's population voted in his favor. Great Britain became the mandatory power, and the country began to make rapid strides forward. Formal recognition of its independence came in October, 1932.

Meanwhile Feisal's sense of honor had been troubling him. He knew that he had sinned against Anita. The girl had behaved superbly all through these years. She had been everything to him, had sacrificed everything for him, and now she was a social outcast. And he was king.

He began to consider the possibility of somehow making her his queen. As a Mussulman he could do that; but would she accept it, and would his subjects accept it? His wife was, like himself, a descendant of the Prophet, and any offense to her would be bitterly resented by the entire Mussulman world.

What could he do?

In his perplexity and despair he laid the entire situation before Anita. To his intense surprise she firmly told him that under no circumstances whatsoever would she consent to marry him. It would be his ruin, and she loved him far too deeply.

THE struggle between them went on and on—and it broke Anita's heart and Feisal's health. People noticed that he was becoming morose and silent. He began to lose popularity

among his subjects, and this worried the British officials.

Irak was not quiet. There were outbreaks on the Syrian frontier, and when Feisal visited London last August he was given to understand that the English government considered these troubles very serious. He returned in haste to Bagdad, worn almost to a shadow, but encouraged by Colonel Lawrence to hold on.

In Bagdad, Feisal found Anita awaiting him, and once more he implored her to listen to him. He looked so frail, so ill, that at last, in his arms, she said yes.

The case of Irak against the Syrians was to come before the League of Nations in September. Ill as he was, King Feisal started for Switzerland by plane from Bagdad.

His last meeting with Anita had been a solemn one. Anita had seemed the more courageous of the two, perhaps because she knew what she meant to do. She had promised to become her lover's wife. Yet that would mean the end of him as sovereign of Irak, the collapse of all the great things which he had done, and might still do.

Feisal boarded the airplane which was to carry him from the sands of the Arabian desert to the green fields of Europe. For once he could look hopefully to the future; for when he returned to Bagdad he would claim as his wife the only woman he had really loved.

The king reached Berne apparently in good health, although looking thin and aged. He made light of his altered appearance. He went for a drive to Interlaken, and on his return a telegram was put into his hands.

A few hours after he had flown away, Anita had been found dead in her bed. As he read the words he became very pale, but otherwise made no show of emotion. People generally are calm in crucial moments of their life, and Feisal had always been famous for his self-control.

But at midnight an alarm was raised. The king was ill; the king required medical help; the king was dying. The king was—dead!

No one could understand how an apparently strong man could have collapsed in a few minutes. An inquest was ordered, and suspicions of foul play were openly discussed. Nothing came of it, however, and no one among the officials who had accompanied the sovereign of Irak to Europe, or indeed no one else, ever guessed that Feisal the Fearless had simply died of a broken heart!

THE END



PRINCESS
CATHERINE
RADZIWILL

came to America after Russia's Red revolution, and is author of *Lives of the Czar and Czarina*; also of *Germany Under Three Emperors*. She is now writing a life of the Empress Frederick. She is the daughter of Count Adam Rzewuski and the widow of Prince Adam Radziwill.

Cannibal's Choice

A Short Short Story

by JOHN
LEBAR



He was teaching in California when he sold his first story. Success led him to devote more and more time to writing. Mr. Lebar, the son of Harold Bell Wright, believes that earthly paradise consists of living entirely on boats and dividing his time equally between fishing and writing.

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS



I HAD careened my sloop during high tide and was busily recalking seams when the laundry wagon stopped on the road above.

Presently I was covered by a bulky shadow and an old voice boomed, "That calkin' 'll crawl, the way you're a-doin' it. Lemme bear a hand."

Rising, I stood aside while the laundryman fell to. He was an old man, but his shoulders were still broad and his leather-colored neck was firm. There was a faded star tattooed on the back of his right hand and he contrived to wear his laundryman's cap as only a seaman can wear a cap.

He worked all afternoon, until the tide returned and we were forced up the beach.

I suggested that people might be waiting for their laundry.

He glanced up at his wagon and frowned. "Well," he said, "it's a'ready delivered—all but Jed Ames' dress shirt. He lays to go to a swell dance tonight." The old salt's frazzled whiskers ruffled with a grin. "Jed owes me for two months. Long about dark he'll break out his car and go cruisin' over town lookin' for me in his undershirt. By the time he pulls up here he'll be so glad to get his shirt he'll pay his bill. Stinginess," he concluded reminiscently, "'most always backfires."

I grunted, conveying interest and a faint credulity.

"The stingiest man I ever knowed," he said presently, "was steward of the Henrietta Maybe. We was laden with barrel oil for Sydney, and at the time I'm speakin' of we was a-rollin' in a swelterin' calm about fifteen hundred miles nor'east of there.

"It happened in the middle of the afternoon. Bein' ship's carpenter, I was puttin' in a new step on the poop companion. All of a sudden the whole ship seemed to leap clear of the water. Lookin' forward, I see a column of roarin' fire spurtin' from the hatch.

"The only boat we could get at was the work boat. She was small, but there was only nine left to get into her.

"The skipper was the only officer. He managed to fetch a sextant and a few papers, and I hove a breaker of water in the boat. I don't reckon it was three minutes after the explosion until them of us that was alive was pullin' away from the ship. There was a power of oil left that was due to go any minute.

"We'd made about a hundred fathom when we hears a scream from the ship, and there at the taffrail stands the steward. He was a chubby feller. I can see him yet—a-standin' and a-screamin' whilst he was puttin' on his coat and a-buttonin' it down his front.

"The skipper nodded, and we put back and got him.

"The whole ship blew up about five minutes later. The blazin' oil come for us like a tidal wave, but we managed to keep ahead of it, and by and by it got thinner.

"After half an hour's rowin' the skipper took our position, and accordin' to the chart we was about three hun-

dred miles from an island. It had a mighty bad reputation in them days, but the skipper he ordered us to row for it. He put us on rations of a cup of water a day each. There warn't no food.

"After eight days we hadn't seen nothin' of the island. And it begun to seem to me that the skipper was undecided about our course. I could get a peek at the compass now and then. Well, sometimes it was a-headin' us nor'west for half a day, and then again sou'east.

"We was all livin' skeletons by then. All of us, that is, exceptin' the steward. He still had his coat buttoned up and he was still mighty chubby.

"By the tenth day somebody whispered that the skipper wasn't tryin' to find the island; that he wanted us all to die because then he could get to the island and lift a buried treasure. We commenced eatin' leather about then—belts, shoe tops, and such.

"But that steward he didn't eat his share of the leather; he pretended to, but I see him get rid of it. His place was beside me, and that night I was stirred awake by the loveliest smell of food. I heard a little chewin' sound. That steward was eatin'! I watched, and pretty soon he stuck his head down inside his coat and bit off somethin' and commenced chewin' again.

"IT took me most the night to do it, but I wiggled around so's I could feel that steward over without him noticin'. And I found out that he had a whole side of bacon stowed under his shirt and down his front.

"I worked my way aft to the skipper and reported it.

"The skipper looked at me quiet-like, then says, 'Anybody but you know about it?'

"'No, sir,' says I.

"The skipper looks at us poor skeletons, and then he feels of his own cheek that was so thin his teeth showed through. Then he fixes his eyes on that chubby steward and says, 'I reckon they won't make no mistake now.' He turns to me. 'Say nothin' about the bacon. I've knowed since the second day.' With that he rouses us up and sets us to rowin', and I see that he'd changed the course once more.

"Well, an hour after dawn we'd raised that island, and about a hundred cannibals in canoes was a-headin' out to get us. The skipper kept 'em off with his revolver till he run out of ammunition.

"'Boys,' says he, as he tossed his gun overside and a big yell come from the cannibals, 'we can't fight no longer. But I know these savages. Accordin' to their custom, they'll treat us fine because we was cast up by the sea. But for pay they'll choose whichever of us strikes their fancy and eat him. Boys,' says he, a-fixin' his eye on the steward, 'I'm willin' to abide by their choice if you are.'

"Them savages," concluded the old salt, "didn't make no mistake."

THE END

\$3,000 CASH PRIZE CONTEST

ONLY THREE MORE WEEKS IN THE GAME OF STATES

WILL YOU BE IN THE MONEY?

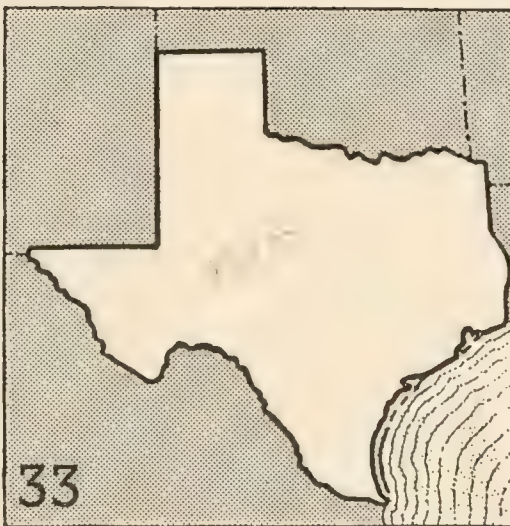
HERE are four more state outlines to add to the collection you will submit as your entry for one of the 333 cash prizes in Liberty's Game of States. After these, there are only three more sets to identify in order to complete your claim to a share of the cash. Now that you've kept up with the field to this point, stay in the game. It may mean more extra money than you've had in some time. Keep your eye on the \$500 First Prize. Your chance to win is excellent!

FIRST PRIZE	\$500
SECOND PRIZE	250
THIRD PRIZE	100
100 PRIZES, each \$10	1,000
230 PRIZES, each \$5	1,150
333 PRIZES—TOTAL	\$3,000

THE RULES

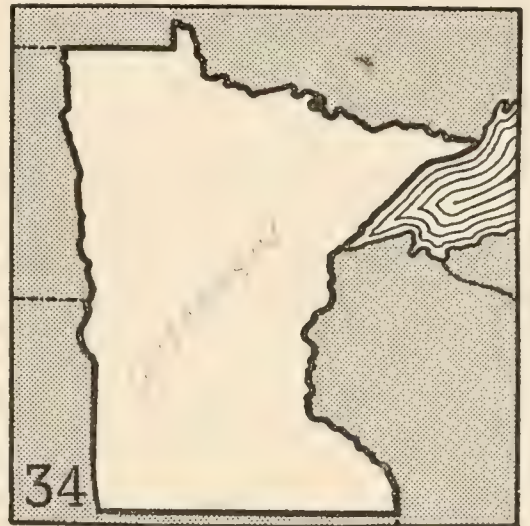
1. Every week for twelve consecutive weeks Liberty will print four outline maps of four different states of the United States: a total of 48 maps—one for each of the 48 states.
2. You are invited to cut out these maps (or, if you prefer, make copies or tracings of them) and write in the state's name and the states, waters, or countries that bound it. You may use the blanks or write on the maps themselves and around them, as you like.
3. When you have done this with all the 48 maps, write an essay of not more than fifty words telling which is your favorite state, and why.
4. Liberty will pay \$3,000 in cash prizes to the persons who send in the most nearly correct and neatest sets of state maps, together with the best essays, in accordance with these rules.
5. This contest is open to everybody except employees of Liberty and their families.
6. Maps are to be submitted only in complete sets. Hold all maps until you have 48 of them. Then send them, with your essays, to STATES, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Be sure to write your name and address clearly on your entry. All entries must be in by the close of business July 11, 1934.
7. Each entry should be sent by first-class mail, postage prepaid, to the post-office-box address as specified. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Registered mail will not be received. Contestants may send in as many sets of maps and as many essays as they wish, but no contestant will be entitled to more than one prize.
8. You need not purchase Liberty to compete. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.
9. The judges will be a committee appointed by the publishers of Liberty. Their decision will be final. Both accuracy and neatness will count in the award of the prizes. No elaborate treatments are necessary. Simplicity is best. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant. We cannot undertake to return any entries, or enter into correspondence concerning them.

SET NO. 9



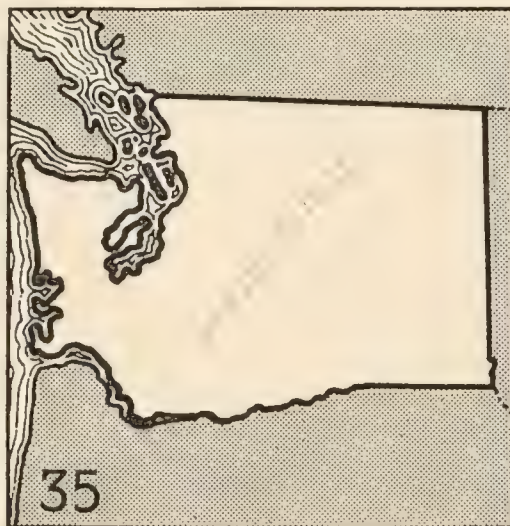
Here is the state that produces practically our whole contribution to the world's sulphur supply. It is adjoined by a state that was a territory thirty years ago.

Name of state.....
Bounded by.....
.....
.....



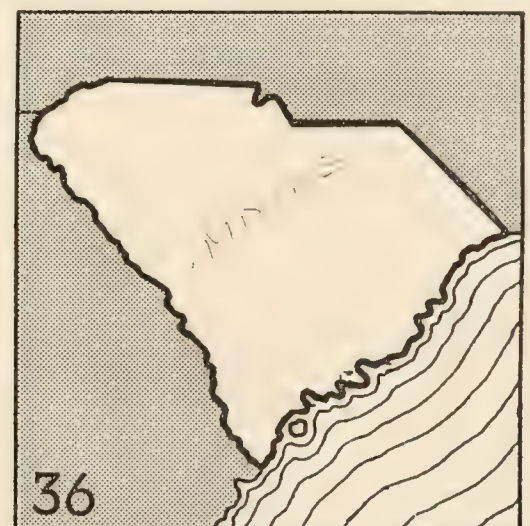
A large body of water forms the north-eastern boundary of this state whose yields of wheat and dairy products are its chief claim to agricultural distinction.

Name of state.....
Bounded by.....
.....
.....



One of the highest mountains on this continent is within this state. A foreign power's territory adjoins it, as does one of the least populous of all of the states.

Name of state.....
Bounded by.....
.....
.....



This one of the thirteen original states is bounded by an ocean and two states. It is the seat of the first textile school to be established in the United States.

Name of state.....
Bounded by.....
.....
.....

SET NO. 10 WILL APPEAR IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

Vox Pop

CONTENTS

JUNE 2, 1934 • VOL. 11, NO. 22



BOOZE AT THE WHEEL

TRENTON, N. J.—I just read this in the Trenton Times-Advertiser under the heading Motoring and Tippling:

"'If you want to drive, don't drink. If you want to drink, don't drive,' is the good advice given by a writer in Liberty.

"There is common sense in the succinct suggestion. Particularly on Sundays, the harvest of automobile accidents is large, and police records trace many of them to the folly of permitting booze to rule at the wheel. As the writer above quoted says: 'The motorist who goes in for hard liquor should go in a taxi.'"—R. H. Carlton.

TAX BIG EXECUTIVES WHEN THEY DIE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I felt highly optimistic over the Roosevelt recovery program after listening to Harlan Eugene Read's broadcast over WOR. He cited two important steps toward the finale of the depression. One was the Department of Commerce's announcement that manufacturers' pay rolls throughout the country have reached their highest peak since 1931. The second instance was the Treasury report that corporation incomes in 1933 showed a whale of an increase.

I thoroughly agree with Read in his further statement highly approving Liberty's editorial attack on the principle underlying the income tax, and its contention that the proper time to tax big executives is when they die.

Don't restrict their proper earnings while they are building America, he quoted a Liberty editorial as advocating. Simply see to it that the earnings and the power to which they were justly entitled are not passed on to some one who did not earn them and is not entitled to them.—Archibald Foster.

LITTLE SHORT OF SCANDALOUS

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Ten or fifteen years ago I would have thought your editorial in the April 7 Liberty, Tax Gambling—Annul Fool Gambling Laws, little short of scandalous. But after seeing the utter fallacy of the prohibition law in practice I have concluded—with many others, I believe—that human nature cannot be changed by acts of Congress or state legislatures unless it is to pass laws covering an act that 90 per cent or more of the population of this country feels is a moral wrong, both in theory and in practice.

I sincerely trust you will keep up your campaign to give the gambler, if he will gamble, a fair show for his money.—Mark W. Pangborn, Insurance.

GUARDIAN ANGELS OF THE FROZEN NORTH

DALLAS, TEX.—I want to say a few words about the Royal Canadian

Mounted Police and the American girl who claimed she put one over on the Mounties.

I made a trip to Peace River Crossing, Alberta, crossed the Lesser Slave Lake, and drove about one hundred miles in a wagon. Every place we stopped, there was a redcoat offering his assistance. There are no tasks too hard nor trails too long for the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

They visit every homesteader's shack, and if he needs groceries or fuel or any kind of assistance, even seed wheat to plant his crop, the rider will report to the nearest barracks and the sergeant will send out the supplies.

They are the guardian angels of that frozen north and haven't time to waste looking for girls with boys' clothes on! —Capitola Hoover.

ANOTHER DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT

SAN BERNARDINO, CALIF.—As a native son of California I would like to remind some of the braggarts who are unable to see any good beyond the boundaries of our fair state that we have extreme heat in some California localities. We have extreme cold in others. We have earthquakes, floods, droughts, penal institutions, and plenty of hospitals for mental cases. Our crowning glory, however, is the only live volcano in the United States.

All honest Commerce Chambers will admit that we, in common with other states, have serious drawbacks; and not because of them—but in spite of them—California is a good state in which to live.—S. H. Gray.

CONTRARY WIVES

TEMPLE, TEX.—Just read in May 5 Vox Pop A School for Voters. Which reminds me of a time I was lined up in front of a window with fifteen others, waiting my turn to pay my poll tax.

We were discussing wives voting. One man refused to pay poll tax for his wife for the reason she was not interested in politics. One said his wife was a political student, voting her own ticket, and often proved to be right. Twelve others said their wives invariably voted the opposite to them for no political reason whatever.—F. M. Johnson.

STORY WITHOUT WORDS

WEST PALM BEACH, FLA.—Your April 28 cover, Mailman and Maiden, by Leslie Thrasher, is magnificent. What a vivid and poignant story is suggested! It has that touch of nature which "makes the whole world kin."

Not a word is needed. It has everything. Even the popular happy ending is there, yet not immediately revealed—not until the pathos of the scene has thoroughly taken hold.—Clay Folsom.

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Cover by H. R. McBRIDE



Hard-Boiled HEROES

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

BEGINNING this series last week, Mr. Irwin pointed out that during prohibition the public had come to look upon the Coast Guard as "a set of fanatical drys." Actually, war on rumrunners was a minor part of its job, and when repeal hove in sight its entire personnel felt relieved. From now on, if rumrunning continues, they will figure not as fanatics but as valiant police thwarting crooks. Meanwhile Mr. Irwin is recalling deeds that are among their true glories as the nation's oldest service.

He told the great life story of Captain Joshua James of Hull, Massachusetts, hero many times over and chief deviser of the science of surfmanship. James's "mania" for life-saving dated from his boyhood, when his mother and a baby sister were lost in a shipwreck. His career lasted sixty years; he died in harness in 1902, aged seventy-six.

PART TWO—SKIPPER BARCO AND THE OLD "B. B."

IN nine cases out of ten saving life at sea resolves itself into dealing with surf which whirls between a stranded vessel and the shore. Until the nineteenth century men had no better instrument for this purpose than a frail longboat. British naval and marine officers set their brains to this problem and evolved the breeches buoy—known to our modern Coast Guard as the "B. B." Sailors, with their own charming conservatism, refused to take it seriously until 1807, when off the Cornish coast it hauled ashore forty men and women from a wallowing wreck which boats could not reach.

Our own semiamateur crews along the Massachusetts coast tried it out and found it good. And it became what it still remains—the great life-saver in desperate circumstances where nothing else will answer. In a century we have improved upon this apparatus very little. Still in our Coast-Guard stations the surfmen train monotonously week after week to perfect their use of the breeches buoy in preparation for some supreme emergency.

A century of nautical tradition has taught most sailors how to handle the seaward end of a breeches buoy. Still, a little slip of technique on the part of the life-savers ashore may wreck the whole operation. Take the seemingly simple process of shooting over a stranded hull. Those six or seven hundred yards of line must travel with perfect smoothness, or there's a jam and a serious delay.

The line is "faked" most ingeniously on to a set of bobbins in a wooden box. If the surfman who did the faking has missed the pattern by one stroke, the line may tangle and snap. Above all—with spume whirling up to the moon—the box must be kept dry. A wet line is likely to snap midway of its flight. Ice on the whip line or on the hawser may tie up the breeches buoy completely,



and especially in the fresh water of the Great Lakes. The crew must maneuver to keep them as high out of water as possible.

Wreckage is another difficulty; and this is the reason why among all wrecks the Coast Guardsman fears most a lumber ship with a deck load. Railroad ties or bundles of shingles driven by a furious surf at worst become missiles almost as formidable as cannon balls, and at best may tangle the apparatus hopelessly. And in winter—again especially in the Great Lakes—floating ice cakes may be almost as dangerous. The expert surfman meets these conditions by art, not rules; cashes in on that steady drill which has made his motions instinctive, and on his knowledge gained through long experience.

The first process, in cases calling for the breeches buoy, is to get the apparatus to the spot. It weighs at lightest more than half a ton and is mounted on a truck. That is easy nowadays; a powerful caterpillar tractor does the hauling. Before the age of gasoline it had to be done by horse power, or more often by man power. The old annals of the Coast Guard record many an epic struggle to bring the apparatus to the scene of action.

The most notable of these, perhaps, occurred long ago on Lake Michigan. In a sudden lake gale and in zero weather, the schooner J. H. Hartzell went ashore off Frankfort. All along this coast high clay bluffs rise above a narrow beach; and in those days they were still clad with the primordial forest. An unprecedented surf was tearing into these hills, bringing down uprooted trees. When the life-savers, ten miles up the coast, received the news by mounted messenger, the beach was



ILLUSTRATION BY HARRY T. FISK

churning giant logs—a hopeless route. With what horses they could find, the crew started to convey their half ton of apparatus by an inland route. All the able-bodied citizens of this sparsely settled region joined them and helped. They forded, somehow, a swollen river. They traversed a tangled forest.

THEY came out at last on to a thickly wooded bluff, where in the last hundred yards the volunteers, finding the ax too slow, in squads of twenty tore up trees by the roots. But the top of that bluff lay beyond gun range from the stranded vessel. However, halfway down its steep lakeward side projected a kind of shelf from which a shot was possible. Fifty sturdy woodsmen, holding back on lines, lowered the gun to the projection. And this rough journey of ten miles was finished in a little more than two hours!

After several shots and much trouble with wreckage, the skipper got a line aboard; the crew, huddled in the rigging, managed to fasten the apparatus and were eventually hauled ashore. All but one. On the Hartzell lived Lydia Dale, ship's cook. Ill when the vessel struck, she

the spot, the first job is to fire the line. The Lyle gun has been improved until it has a theoretical range of 700 yards. But the practical range is sometimes little more than 300.

Almost always, you are shooting into the teeth of a gale which gets hold of the trailing line.

Perhaps the most startling hit with the Lyle gun stands to the records of Skipper Bailey T. Barco, who at the turn of this century commanded the Dam Neck Mills station on the remote, dangerous, wreck-spangled approaches to pale Cape Hatteras.

The schooner Jennie Hall, which under modern hull inspection would never have gone to sea at all, was beating up from Trinidad with a cargo of asphalt. Her captain was old and possibly incompetent. She encountered a series of midwinter gales which stripped her of part of her sails. Finally, nearing our coast, she misidentified a light and went aground at night in a sixty-mile gale with exceptionally high surf. Instantly the breakers surged over her decks. The captain and mate drove the crew up the mizzenmast. The mate followed; the captain, moving more slowly, was caught in a comber and—was gone.

The captain crawled to the end of the boom, got hold of the line. Just then a terrific sea threw the captain to the deck.

had been carried to the crosstrees, braced there with planks. In the circumstances it was most difficult to get this inert body down to the buoy. The fact that a woman stood in danger of death had appealed to the chivalry of frontiersmen; had inspired the crew and their volunteer aids to superhuman energy.

THEY were using as a vehicle not the breeches but the "life car," a kind of sealed boat, long ago virtually abandoned by the Life Saving Service. Man after man was hauled ashore—but not the woman. The first-comers said that she was coming soon; the last swore that she had died, hours before, of exposure. Night fell. Sending out a surfman in the car to investigate amounted to signing his death warrant. Captain Matthews, believing the sailors, stopped the operation. The mast fell in the night. Lydia Dale's body was washed ashore at Frankfort seventeen days later. And the coroner's jury found that she had died of drowning.

The United States Life Saving Service has never forgotten this lesson. Ever since, they have striven as valiantly to reach the apparently dead as to rescue the palpably living. In its long history, surfmen have died in the attempt to bring corpses ashore.

Behind the Scenes with the Coast Guard—A Thrilling Chronicle of Courage Against the Perils of the Sea

by WILL IRWIN

At the first glint of dawn, Surfman Carrol sighted the wreck. The men in the shrouds were moving only feebly. Barco had his crew and apparatus offshore within twenty minutes; and the Seatrack crew, notified by telephone, began a long haul to join him. The surf looked impossible. Work for the B. B.!

Barco set his gun. It was a difficult job, for the ship lay head on, offering a very narrow target. But he made a perfect shot. The line drifted down the wind and fell into the weather rigging of the main (or middle) mast. But when the benumbed sailors tried to haul it in, it fouled in the flapping débris of the foremast. The sailors had to let go. The surfmen managed to jerk it loose and haul it in for another try. Meantime, the sea shook the vessel loose from its position; it began to drift downshore. The surfmen followed it, dragging the gun, until it grounded again. Another shot, and the wet line broke. A third; and although it fell in the rigging, the sailors could make but feeble efforts to reach it.

Barco studied the situation. In technical language, the shipwrecked crew hung clustered about one spot—"a triangle formed by the mizzenmast, the topmast stay, and the spring stay." It is enough to say that at the range of some 350 yards the average shot couldn't be sure of hitting that little triangle in such a wind with a service rifle! If Barco could send his shot into it, the crew, weak as they were, could probably haul the whip line aboard. If he missed by a little, he stood to kill at least one of the men whom he was trying to save. But it was the only chance. Coolly he aimed, pulled the lanyard—and sunk his face into his hands. Cheers brought his head up with a snap. He had made a bull's-eye!

Hauling a whip line 350 yards through a gale-driven surf calls for strength. And although the shipwrecked sailors could all lay hold on it, they made slow progress. The life-savers carried the shoreward end of it as far upwind as it would go, and holding it, ran as far downwind as it would go. This created a momentary slack, enabling the sailors to haul in a few yards before "she tightened again." Two hours of this, and both whip line and hawser were properly "bent."

The mate sent first ashore two South American Negroes—one a stowaway—who seemed nearly gone. Then he collapsed. The sailors stuck his legs into the breeches buoy, sent him off. He landed unconscious—was out for four hours. Then followed the rest of the crew—in pretty good shape, considering.

WITH one exception—Fred Percival, the cook and steward, a 250-pounder. He had felt himself going early in the game. Using the technical language of the official report, "he tied his feet to the outrigger of the starboard crosstree and laid himself athwart the crosstree," where he passed into the stupor which precedes death by cold and exhaustion; and where, within an hour, he settled down until he was tightly wedged. The survivors had tried feebly to get him down to the breeches. They were not certain that he had any life in him. Indeed, from the shore he looked to be stone-dead.

But Barco did not propose to have a Lydia Dale affair chalked up against his crew. Neither did the skipper of the Seatrack station.

Now the job called for simple unassuming heroism. Some one must be hauled aboard the wreck, first to see whether Percival was alive, and second, to get him, alive or dead, into the breeches. Surfman John A.

O'Neal volunteered. He made the passage, climbed skillfully up the rigging, signaled that there was life still in the unconscious steward. For fifteen minutes the shore crew watched him tug and haul in vain. Young athlete though he was, he could not raise that gigantic bulk. Hauled ashore, he reported that two men might possibly do it.

And then the situation changed abruptly. A swift freak current began running up the coast. It caught the battered hull, swung it round parallel with the shore, swept away the wreckage which had been churning in the surf between vessel and beach. There was a "lee" now on the landward side. It was just possible that they could launch a surfboat and put its crew aboard to bring the steward down.

With Barco steering and commanding the picked men of both crews, they tried it. Getting through the surf proved unexpectedly easy; but again the situation changed. The current turned, swept a barrage of rubbish into their path. The booms, trailing tattered sails, whipped back and forth across that leeward beam. Yet Barco finally got alongside—to discover that it was impossible to "hold her" against the current long enough to put men aboard. Reluctantly he gave orders to pull back. As they shot out into open water, a huge comber fell on the boat, and Surfman Sparrow was swept away. Fortunately they were trailing a long line. He caught it. While Barco, steering, held the boat up into the wind, the other surfmen pulled him aboard. And they reached land.

THEY must return to the original plan. No time to lose, either—the mast to which the breeches apparatus had been bent might fall at any moment. O'Neal and Surfman Horatio Drinkwater were hauled out in the breeches nevertheless. But when they reached Percival, both of them could not budge him. However, in the tangled rigging above his head hung a stout pulley. Cutting a rope from the rigging, they passed it through this pulley, lashed one end round his waist, and put their combined weights on the other end. He came loose; his body rose clear and flopped to the deck like an enormous sack of grain.

How could they get his legs into the breeches? They didn't try. Between combers they lashed him securely to the buoy, and the life-savers pulled on the whip line like mad. They cut him loose, sent back the buoy. O'Neal and Drinkwater returned as a double load. The mast fell a few minutes later. Had it fallen while they were still aboard, no human power could have saved them. As for Percival, he recovered—in fact, a month or so later he shipped again!

Time and again in the annals of the Coast Guard, surfmen have duplicated the heroism of these surfmen in going aboard a breaking storm-beaten ship to take their chances with the crew they were trying to rescue—and to come ashore last of all.

And here, for variety, is one of the unsuccessful breeches-buoy jobs. The wreck of the schooner Charles K. Buckley in April, 1914, is still remembered as one of the most unnecessary disasters in our marine history. It illustrates a point which the Coast Guard has been drumming into the heads of mariners for a hundred years—if you go ashore in a gale, above all things do not try to launch a boat. A ship's boat has not the seaworthy quality of a surfboat or lifeboat. Also, few ordinary seamen have the special art of landing through surf. And every inch of our dangerous coasts is patrolled night and

★ ★ ★ NEXT WEEK ★ ★ ★

THE SALARIES OF RADIO STARS

By Morris Markey

A revelation that may surprise you—Which of the performers would you suppose to be the most highly paid? Well, you're probably wrong

THE NEW DEAL HITS WASHINGTON SOCIETY

By Maxine Davis

How the capital's hectic hostesses have found it a misdeal, in place-cards—It's playing hilarious havoc with caste and precedent

Other stories and articles by Viña Delmar, Llewellyn Hughes, Will Irwin, Eric Hatch, and others

day by surfmen from the life-saving stations. If you go ashore by night, burn something and wait for that Coston flare which proves that a patrol has noticed and that expert help is on the way.

Captain Hardy, commanding the Buckley, had on board his wife and brother. As he tacked along the New Jersey coast, heading for New York, a gale stripped away headsails and topsails. Off Monmouth Beach Hardy anchored to "ride it out." The anchors dragged; with night falling, the schooner began to drift ashore. As she struck and grounded, he soaked a mattress in oil and lit it. A Coston flare from shore answered him.

At this moment the mate had a tragically bad idea. The deck load of lumber was dangerous, he said. Suppose he, Mrs. Hardy, and the captain's brother launch the boat and hold it in tow by a line until the storm blew over? The captain listened to him. They were scarcely launched when a giant comber fell squarely upon them; and neither they nor the boat ever came up. The captain, wild with grief, nevertheless got the three surviving members of his crew into the shrouds.

THEN they saw a bonfire ashore and heard a heavy explosion. And a line fell across a boom. The captain asked feebly what it was all about. Martinson guessed that they were expected to tie it about them and jump. As for the other two sailors, they could not speak English. It seems incredible in this century that any seaman exists who never heard of the breeches buoy—but it happened! The captain crawled to the end of the boom, got hold of the line. Just then a terrific sea swept over the wreck. It threw the captain to the deck. It parted the lashings of the mizzen-boom, which became a giant flail. Martinson, holding on for life, heard the captain cry, "My God, it's taken my leg off!" Another big sea. When it cleared away, the captain was gone, and so was one of the foreign sailors. The other lay limp. Another sea—and he was gone. Martinson climbed up the rigging for his life.

All this in the wet cold hell of the wreck. Ashore, the life-savers were puzzled. In the light of the bonfire they could see that there were men in the shrouds and that shot after shot was falling true. They could not understand why no one hauled in the shot lines. Also, a crowd had gathered from the near-by winter resorts, some of them drunk. Twice they spoiled the operation by grabbing the shot line and pulling it madly and aimlessly ashore. The Monmouth Beach crew had to threaten to shoot before they stopped this foolishness.

Finally the masts fell. Martinson fell with them; yet he managed to stick to the deck, to climb up the stump of the mizzenmast and to lash himself. The life-savers realized now that he was the only live man aboard. The only hope was to haul him ashore by a shot line. Three times they fired

VILLS AND TRILLS

By JEFFERSON MACKEY



MANY a morning grouch could be avoided by changing to that little chocolate tablet the night before.

It's called Ex-Lax—the chocolated laxative. And it helps to keep you "regular"—without "punishing" yourself.

Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. So mild that for 27 years mothers have given it to their children with perfect confidence. So effective that those who formerly thought they had to take "something strong" found that it wasn't at all necessary.

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EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

before the line fell across his shoulder. A breathless pause while they waited to see if he would get the idea. He did at last. Feebly he tied the line around his waist, cast off his lashings. And then the crowd, now beyond all control, laid hold on the line and pulled him in so fast that he stood to be killed by collision with the wreckage. But he survived even that.

In these later years the breeches buoy is called into service less often. And still nearly every year it justifies its existence and the constant drill of the crews in its use. In the big November gale of 1920, for example, the U. S. mine sweeper Swan went ashore on Gurnet Beach, Massachusetts. The Gurnet, Brant Rock, and Manomet crews, finding a launching impossible, got out the Lyle gun, landed the first shot, and drew the thirty-four seamen smartly ashore.

Finally, in the great September hurricane of 1932, the big schooner G. A. Kohler was driven ashore at night on Gull Shoal, North Carolina. The telephone and the motor truck brought four crews within two hours. Again launching was impossible. Also the ship had begun to drift parallel with the shore. The crews tried to follow through high-flung surf that "drowned out the truck" again and again. At half past four in the morning the weather cleared long enough to show that she was now stuck fast.

Three quarters of an hour later the first shot from the Lyle gun landed a line in the crosstrees. And a quick workmanlike job brought to safety nine men and one woman.

Yet most recent instances of the breeches buoy in action are freak cases. As, for example, the wreck of the little steamer Admiral, bound from Valparaiso to Grays Harbor, Washington. As she entered the Columbia, she caught the full force of one of those westerly Pacific gales. It drove her, helpless, against the jetty at the mouth of the river, and she rammed clean through and rolled over on to her side in the breakers of Peacock Spit beyond.

A patrol telephoned the news to the life-savers at Point Adams, seven miles away, and to the more remote Fort Stevens crew. Fortunately a railroad track runs down that jetty. The skipper telephoned for a locomotive and a flat car. His men loaded on their apparatus and they started. Halfway to the wreck they encountered two men carrying a little boy and supporting a woman in her nightclothes.

All, especially the woman, were far gone with cold and exhaustion. Revived in the cab of the engine, they told a strange story.

When the vessel rammed through the jetty, it remained poised for a moment. The captain, who had already routed his wife and little son out of bed, ordered all hands to jump. He, his family, the mate, and the cook landed on the landward side; and there they were! But the crew had jumped to the seaward side. Now they were marooned on the stump of the jetty, with more than fifty feet of overwhelming current racing between them and safety.

THE engine crept out to the edge of the gulf. The crew were safe enough for the moment, for it was low tide. But if they were not taken off before the tide rose and the surf began to break over that artificial island, they were dead men. The surfboat rode on the flat car; but the race of the waters was such that it could not live in them.

Now, one condition is usually necessary to successful use of the breeches buoy: the wreck must have a standing mast or pole, so that the hawser can be kept high above the water. There was no pole on the jetty, of course, but it was laid on stout piers. A hawser bent to the very top of these would clear the torrent. The life-savers chucked lines across the gulf by the "heaving stick"; the sailors on the jetty hauled across the whip line; the strongest among them shinnied down the piers, lashed whip line and hawser. Using the cowcatcher of the locomotive for a sand anchor, the Point Adams crew hauled them all across.

Strangest and most sensational of all the breeches-buoy stories is that concerning the mud scow which tried

to shoot Niagara Falls. This occurred in 1918, a fortnight after the French and Americans smashed the German line at Soissons. Consequently a story which in normal times was good for the front page of every American newspaper drew rather scant space.

A mud scow carrying two men broke loose in the Niagara River and whirled helplessly toward the falls. A hundred yards or so from the verge of destruction, it struck a rock and stopped. There it hung; safe enough just now, but likely at any moment to work loose. Much of the Coast Guard was abroad, convoying ships through the submarine zone. The Great Lakes stations had been "thinned out." The nearest lay twenty-four miles upriver. Boatswain Nelson loaded his men and his breeches-buoy apparatus on to trucks borrowed from the army, and made twenty-four miles in forty-six minutes. He found the situation perplexing. Nothing higher than a small cabin rose from the deck of the mud scow. But on the shore just opposite stood the General Electric building, twelve stories high.

Apparatus secured to the scow and running upward to the roof of the building would clear the rapids all the way.

BY the time he shot the line aboard, the sun had set. There followed an all-night fight against the power of Niagara, with searchlights illuminating these weird proceedings. For the slack of every line they shot aboard was caught in the current and the two men had not the strength to overcome that titanic force. But the surfmen spied a windlass on the deck. The human voice would not carry across the roar of that torrent, even when reinforced by megaphone.

It was long before frantic pantomime got the idea to the shipwrecked men. They attached the line to the windlass.

But it was fight, fight, inch by inch; the sun had long risen before hawser and whip line were bent to rings on the deck and everything seemed ready. Then—a new emergency. The double whip line which, rigged over a pulley, draws the buoy along the hawser, has to be lashed lower than the hawser. It trailed in the water. Possibly the surfmen could not make it work against that current, and probably if they tried too hard it would break. Then the whimsical whip line settled the question for itself. It fouled in such manner that only the two sailors on the barge could clear it. More frantic pantomime failed to convey the idea. Nelson solved this problem by abandoning the whip line altogether and rigging an ingenious arrangement of single lines too technical in character to make plain here.

Finally, at nine in the morning, a huge and cheering crowd beheld the spectacle of two men, one after the other, traveling to safety twelve stories above their heads. They had lived in their perilous situation through nineteen hours, and were on the verge of collapse. So were Boatswain Nelson and his surfmen, from anxious emotions as much as from hard work.

The smoking-room stories of the overproper Victorian age have become the parlor stories of these times. For fifty years the Life Saving Service, United States Coast Guard, has chuckled privately over an anecdote which may now be told. Once a schooner stranded with the skipper's wife, a casehardened old seawoman, aboard. The breeches buoy to the rescue! And when it was rigged, by the gallant custom of the seas she was sent ashore first. But as she reached the highest breakers, near safety, the whip line jammed. The surfmen could not jerk it loose. They dropped the line and stood staring at her in appalled silence as she hung there between the breakers and heaven. Then the roar of the storm was cut by a shrill soprano voice yelling:

"Pull away, you damn' landlubbers! I'll let you look at my legs when you get me ashore!"

There are still wrecks whose victims can be reached and rescued only by using the old six-oared surfboat. Even with that, in some desperate cases, "it couldn't be done—but they did it!" Did it gloriously, as Mr. Irwin will recount in a further Coast Guard revelation next week.

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An Absorbing Drama of Murder and
Mystery, and a Strangely Perilous Love

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THE outlook for Linda Stuart, on trial for the murder of Clay Carroll, grows steadily darker. By this time it must seem to the jury that she had not only opportunity but a powerful motive. She and Clay had been informally engaged ten years, during much of which he had been the financial mainstay of her elderly aunt and herself, and had lavished costly gifts on her. She had apparently grown restive, even to slipping away to New York in an effort to earn a living rather than be married to him. She knew he had made a will in her favor. Furthermore, three weeks before he was shot she had received from one Scott Barclay an impassioned love letter, indicating that the love was mutual, and pleading with her to reconsider some decision "which could only bring you grief." The prosecutor, Wilmott, dared Linda to deny that this decision of hers had been to murder Clay in cold blood in order to get his money.

But the jury does not know, as the reader does, how all these things appear in the memories that Linda is too sensitive and proud to reveal. Her long engagement was actually a mystifying and disheartening captivity, with Clay keeping her attached to him by a hundred obligations and scowling off all rivals—while withholding marriage from her. It was he who dragged her back from New York on a false pretext. A strange creature, Clay! Since boyhood he had been subjecting his widowed mother to the same perverse possessiveness and jealousy. The mother at last escaped to marry a former sweetheart—leaving him even more cruelly despotic toward Linda than before.

From her memories of her flight to New York and his recapture of her, the story now returns to the courtroom, with Wilmott cross-examining her.

PART FOUR—THE GARDEN OF EDEN

AND what happened after that?"

"Nothing."

"What do you mean—nothing?"

Linda's eyes widened. "I mean nothing happened. Nothing ever happened."

"You just went on living with your aunt?"

"Yes."

"I see. Just sort of drifting." The prosecutor took a half turn and then barked at her suddenly, "That is, until last summer."

It was not a question and there was no reply. Rocking back and forth on his heels, the prosecutor said in a voice that was insinuatingly soft:

"Now, Miss Stuart, if you please, I want you to tell us the beginning of your friendship with Scott Barclay. In the first place, who introduced him to you?"

She saw the trap designed for her but was too proud to avoid it. "No one."

"What? You were never introduced to him? Are you telling me that you just 'picked him up'?"

"Your Honor, I object to the counsel's insinuations!"

The judge's level voice came soothingly, like cool water. His eyes were watchful. "Sustained. Proceed."

"Where were you the first time you saw and spoke to Scott Barclay?"

And Linda replied in a muted voice that made them forget that she had just been accused of a "pick-up":

"In a garden. He was standing in a doorway."

BACK in the same rut—only now there was a difference. Now, at last, it was becoming inconceivable that there could ever be any other situation for her. She was learning to accept this half-spinster, almost-married life with a calm fatalism that frightened her. It seemed to her such a definite sign that she was getting old.

She thought no longer of the possibility of breaking away. Aunt Rilla needed her constantly now. In the early spring old Liza died, and Minnie, strong and kind and stupid, came back to them to stay.

Shortly after that Leon Griggs's wife died too, and for a few weeks Linda's mind hovered almost fearfully over the thought, "He'll need a woman to run the house. Perhaps—" Almost fearfully, because the idea of any kind of change, now, seemed full of evil possibilities. But Griggs was apparently quite capable of doing the work of two servants with entire efficiency.

Although Clay was completely dependent upon Linda's companionship out of banking hours, furious when she was not at home to greet him, jealous even of the sewing club, still his own interests were widening in the world outside. He was more arrogant than ever when he had put over a successful deal, more savagely resentful when he failed. From politics he would turn to a whirlwind of speculation, then to heading up some new company. A man to be feared and envied.

As his stature in the state increased it was inevitable that Linda, too, should become more and more the subject of street-corner gossip. "Thinks she's too good for



It was so heavenly, hearing at last those words that she had longed for years to hear from Clay!

C. J., does she?" And Linda was still proud enough to be thankful that they did not suspect the real explanation.

However, it was harder now for him to be with her constantly. Frequently his activities took him away on business. And it was during one of these trips, to California, that she saw Scott Barclay for the first time.

On his last night with her Clay had put his hands on her shoulders and said intently, "Linda, I want you to be waiting for me when I come back. Do you promise that you will?"

She said indifferently, "Why, of course. What else would I be doing? What else have I always done?"

THERE was something in his look which made her think of what Liza had said just before she died. She had drawn Linda down with her horny hand and croaked through toothless gums: "Listen to Liza, honey: *Git shet o' that man befo' it's too late. He got a ol' devil in him sho' 'nough!*" Then she had broken into a shrill cackle. "The bogey man'll git y' ef y' don't watch out!" Immediately afterward her face had twisted with pain and she called out in a loud voice, "I's comin', Lawd! I ain't afeared! Heah I is, Lawd!"

So he went to California, to be gone three weeks, saying to her, "If you ever look at another man, I'll kill him, so help me God!"

And she laughed a little. She was used to his violent speech by now. Only it all seemed so silly.

The next day, with profound relief, she gave herself up to the simple enjoyment of the lightness and freedom that his mere absence seemed to create. And the day after that, refreshed and feeling serene again, she phoned

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
EDGAR MCGRAW

for her car, to drive far into the country and spend the day by herself, just relaxing.

It was June, and Linda had not even noticed. But now she felt the stir of it in her own heart. It was a long unfamiliar sensation. She had been driving every day lately, but the lovely green countryside that she sped through had seemed only the walls of a prison beyond which she hardly desired any longer to venture. But all that was different today. The thought of Clay was unreal—as if she had dreamed him. It was only as a part of the dream that she remembered his having said the other night, "I'm a rich man now, Linda. Rich! And it's all for you. I had my lawyer draw up a will for me today and I'm leaving you everything. Do you understand? Everything!"

Smiling she had said: "Better not! I'll leave it all to

The First Choice Out of 7,000 First Novels Submitted in
Response to Liberty's Recent Offer to Unknown Writers

by **MARY BICKEL**

my clinic. You'd hate that." No longer did she have the impulse to cry out, "Oh, Clay, that's not what I want!" Was it because she did not want marriage any longer? She was not sure. She had become used to living alone. Perhaps it was better this way.

But today she felt a queer, almost painful stirring of new life. Next fall death would come again. How many more springs and autumns would find her vulnerable to their insidious suggestions? Soon she too would wither and decay.

Aunt Fanny was dead—Liza—Mrs. Warren—

She had never been out to the little homestead since Mrs. Warren's funeral. Now she felt a desire to see it again. She stopped the car in front of the gate.

In spite of the garden's air of desertion, the flowers were growing bravely through the choking grass and weeds. She sat down in the little summerhouse, seeking peace. But it was too quiet. Instead of strength and comfort a sense of desolation crept over her.

She was startled to notice that the back door of the house was open. Puzzled, she started forward. As she did so, there appeared in the doorway a tall young figure who looked at her with a casual curiosity which deepened into admiration as she drew nearer.

She had an agreeable impression of brown corduroys tucked into high boots, a white shirt open at the throat, a lean brown face and very black hair, a sensitive wide mouth and tired eyes. "I like him," she thought at once.

"I beg your pardon," she apologized. "Are you—do you—I mean, I was just passing by. Mrs. Warren was an old friend of mine."

He smiled. "You mean who the devil am I?" he supplied, and she laughed a little.

"Exactly. Don't let me disturb you. Have you bought this place?"

The tall stranger knocked the ashes out of his pipe. "I inherited it. Let's sit down out here, shall we?"

They strolled back to the arbor.

"Then you must be Mrs. Warren's nephew!" she exclaimed.

HE nodded, looking at her earnestly, and then startled her by saying, "I had no idea there was anything as beautiful as you in all Vermont!"

Because he said it as simply as one would comment on a flower, she accepted this statement and even responded wistfully: "Do you think I am?"

Her tone made him say reproachfully, "You should be very happy to be so lovely. Think of all the pleasure you give to poor chaps like me."

Again she was surprised into saying something she had not intended: "It doesn't give any pleasure to me."

He remained carefully impersonal. Linda recovered herself and laughed lightly:

"How solemn we are! I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Scott Barclay.

You see, I know your name. Your aunt used to tell me about you—what a sweet little boy you were." An unaccustomed dimple appeared.

He grinned. "I'm still sweet!" he retorted engagingly. "But you haven't told me who you are."

"My name's Linda Stuart. I live with my aunt about two miles from here in one of those ancient houses on the edge of town. Right beyond the big Aldrich place. Perhaps you've noticed that."

"No. But then, I've been here only a week and in town only once or twice for provisions."

"Somehow I never thought you'd come East to live. You came from Montana, didn't you?"

"Yes. I don't really live anywhere—and I'm not going to really live here. I'm going abroad next fall to study. Thanks to Aunt Sue, bless her heart. But I felt I ought to come and take a look at what I fell heir to, and since I came I decided to stay—for the summer anyway." He looked about him, sniffing pleasurably. "It's so still here! Just what I need. And no one knows me, thank God. Do you mind if I smoke?"

SHE shook her head, smiling, and he filled his pipe.

"You know," he commented, "you're practically the first person I've spoken to since I came. I have a passion for keeping my presence a secret from the neighbors. Neighbors can be so very—well, neighborly, can't they?"

"And I spoil it all by interrupting your solitude!"

"Oh, you!" He said it briefly but somehow his meaning was quite clear. "If you were a man," he said slowly, "a lonely, discontented chap but one who appreciates beauty as well as the next one—and a goddess, a vision—a—well, a Linda Stuart, say (Stuart is right, isn't it?), suddenly popped into your garden, would you say that it was an interruption? Or a miracle?"

He disregarded the clear ripple of laughter that greeted this extravagance. He continued to smoke calmly.

She rose.

"Mr. Barclay," she said, "for a lonely and discontented man you do extremely well in making others feel a little less lonely and discontented themselves."

He got up too and took her hand. "Surely not you!" he said earnestly. "Not a radiant creature like you!"

He was so nice that suddenly she wanted to cry. With an effort she kept emotion out of her voice. "In behalf of the neighbors and the town, I welcome you to Maplewood. I give you the keys to the city. If you like, I'll promise to tell no one you're here. And if there's anything I can do to make you more comfortable—"

"There is!" he interrupted promptly.

"Well?"

"Come and see me again. I mean it! Often!" His tone was imploring; his lean fingers still held hers.

"Perhaps you'd better call on me!"

she said primly. Then she laughed. "You see, I was not brought up in New England for nothing. What would the neighbors think!" She withdrew her fingers. "Good-by."

"Good-by," he echoed, and stood silent, watching her go down the path to her car. With her hand on the door she hesitated and then turned around.

"I've changed my mind," she called, a little embarrassed. "Don't call on me after all, please. I'll come here. You see—if you don't want to be bothered by people—well, it would be better, wouldn't it?"

"Much better," he assented gravely. Then he ran after her. "Oh, I do beg your pardon! The poor goatherd was rooted to the spot in admiration of the beautiful princess." He helped her into the car.

"And what a car!" he murmured, examining it. "Great Scott, are you an heiress or something?"

Linda laughed ruefully. "Far from it!"

"Good-by, princess!" he said softly. She looked at him, and suddenly she felt like a little girl. She said shyly, "Good-by, Prince Charming."

His tired eyes glowed. "Please come soon!"

At home Aunt Rilla sat at her window, rocking back and forth, back and forth, her prayer book in her lap, watching the tall pine trees throw ever-lengthening shadows. Thanks to Clay, life was easy now and comfortable. She had all the things that sister had wanted her to have. She and Linda had much to be thankful for.

AND now, at last we get down to the events of last summer," the prosecutor was saying. "Carroll went on a business trip to California the last week of June, and it was on the day after his departure that you became acquainted with Scott Barclay. Is that correct?"

"Yes."

"And you saw him often after that?"

"Yes; quite often."

"How often, would you say?"

"Two or three times a week."

The prosecutor allowed himself to smile.

"Miss Stuart, where did you have these meetings? Was it in your own house or where?"

"No, not at my house. At his, in the country."

The prosecutor looked slightly horrified. "Do you mean that he did not come to your house at all? Didn't he call on you?"

"He asked to call but I told him not to."

"And why did you do that?"

"Because he wanted to be alone, to avoid being bothered by people. You see, he was doing some writing—"

"And you expect the jury to believe that that was the only reason that you did not allow him to come to your house? Wasn't it also because you were afraid of Clay's jealousy when he found out you were seeing this man?"

Linda raised her clear eyes to the judge, disregarding the warning scowl of her counsel. "I don't mind answering that question. Yes, it was partly—in fact, largely—because of Clay's jealousy. I dreaded a scene—"

The prosecutor beamed. "Oh, so there *had* been 'scenes'! You resented that jealousy! You did, didn't you?"

"You don't understand," she said patiently. "It was more that I knew his jealousy to be a fact and I wanted to protect Scott from its possible consequences."

"**T**HEN you were more chivalrous toward him than he has since been toward you, disappearing abroad where he can't be found!"

"Your Honor!" Joe Barnard exclaimed angrily. "There has been no evidence to indicate that Scott Barclay has sought to evade appearing in this case!"

"That is true. Confine yourself to the cross-examination, Mr. Wilmott," the Court admonished severely.

"In any case, you admit that you had clandestine meetings with Barclay so that Clay would not learn you were carrying on this flirtation?"

Linda's anger flared. "I don't see how I can answer your questions if you persist in calling our meetings 'clandestine' and our friendship a 'flirtation.'"

"Oh, Miss Stuart, don't misunderstand me!" he retorted with deadly significance. "I realize perfectly that your *friendship* developed into something far warmer. That is one of the things I wanted to bring out."

There was nothing, really, that Clay could do to Scott. He could not hurt him as he did his subordinates at the bank or the people of the town. And yet Linda resolved passionately that Scott should be left in peace. At the same time she knew definitely that she was not going to give up seeing him.

He was a friend. And she needed friends so badly!

Clay should have everything else of her—her happiness, her loyalty, her future. He had earned it, perhaps, by his own strange way of being faithful.

After Scott was gone she would never need to see him again. And that would be well.

It was such a little thing to ask!

And because her need of kindness and understanding was stronger even than her fear of consequences, she let only one day pass before she went to see him again. And after that it was the next day, and the next. They sat in the garden and talked. They went for walks over fields and through woods, avoiding with unspoken conspiracy the curious eyes of neighbors.

Often he watched and admired the white hands lying peaceful in her lap or swinging at her sides. Wondered about the blazing diamond, but asked no questions. He was as far from the petty gossip of the community as from Mars. On his rare errands to

town his detached manner did not invite confidences across a counter.

By the second week Linda was learning to laugh. Real laughter. She was young again, enchanted and enchanting.

She learned that he had a father and sister in Montana, and that, the father's health having failed a few years before, Scott had been forced to leave college in order to support the family. Then the sister had married a prosperous ranch owner and the father had gone to live with her. Now Scott was planning, with his slender legacy, to go abroad, to "organize himself," to get his ideas together.

"Aunt Sue's money was a god-send," he admitted. "It's not much, but enough to give me my chance. And of course if I can't make a go of writing I can always go back to engineering."

"Of course you'll make a go of it. Will you sell this place, do you think?"

HE looked about him affectionately. "No, I don't think so. This is a good place to have, to return to. A retreat when I've been scarred by battle and defeated—"

She smiled because in spite of his modest words he had such an air of assurance. "You won't be defeated."

His hand closed over hers gratefully; his voice was suddenly deep. "Besides, it's where I met you," he added.

There were times when she knew that there were questions on his lips. What were the things that made up her life? What about that ring? But always an innate tact kept him silent.

And somehow she herself could never mention Clay.

They began to have little jokes together. "Oh, dear!" she said to herself at night in bed, with a deep sigh of pure contentment. "It's been years and years since I've had so much fun. He is nice! Dear God, please let me keep him a little longer for just what he is now, a playmate!"

But the days slipped by like water over rocks. Clay would be home in a week. Now in five days. Now in four.

Two days before Clay was due to return she arrived at Scott's farmhouse early, and together they packed a lunch and went for a long drive into the country.

Leaving the car in a lane twenty miles from home, they climbed a hill to a high, bright, grassy plateau where they sank on the ground. Maplewood was beyond the horizon, not even the church spire visible.

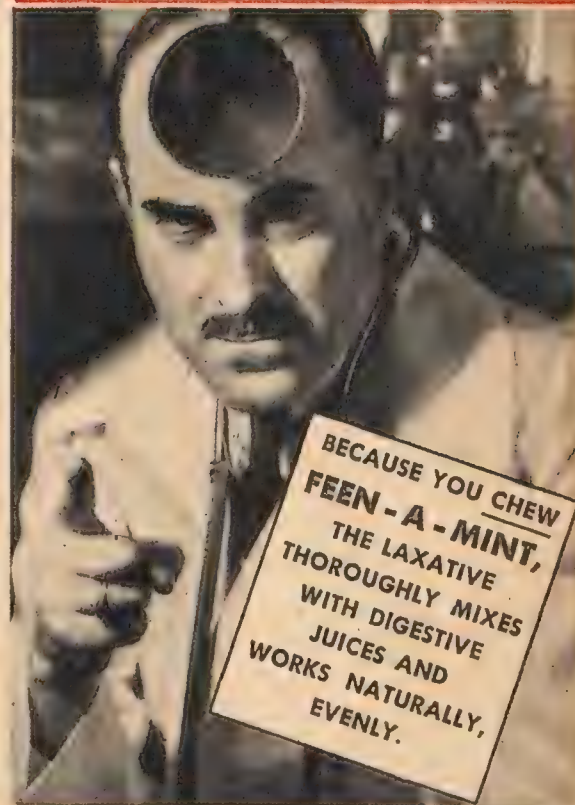
"Linda," said Scott, stretched beside her chewing peacefully at a blade of grass, "if there's anything better than this in the world, I don't want it."

Linda sat with her back against a gnarled and ancient oak tree. She closed her eyes.

"It is nice, isn't it?" she murmured dreamily. The breeze was laden with sunshine and good earthy

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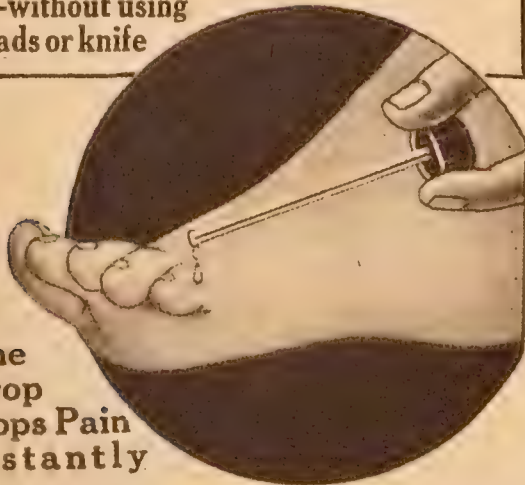
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smells. The green-forested hills encircled them with peace.

Scott stirred. "I met your friend Judge Townsend yesterday. In the hardware store."

Linda's heart stopped beating. He had been in town?—had talked to people? What had they told him? But it resumed its normal pulse when his fine eyes lit with enthusiasm and he said, "There, my dear, is a man!"

Linda glowed. "I knew you'd like him! I love him!"

His eyes, squinting against the sunshine, darted up at her, smiling. "Oh, lucky judge!"

She put her hand over his eyes with a maternal gesture. "You'll strain them if you don't get out of the sun," she chided.

He caught her hand and one by one pressed the finger tips against his lips. "'It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.' Oh, Linda!" He laid her hand gently along his cheek and she let it remain there. He was so quiet that she wondered if he were falling asleep.

She sat bemused, her mind whirling. In two days Clay would be back. Tomorrow she would have to tell Scott.

She plucked a tuft from a purple thistle at her side and ran the strands through her fingers, all the lower half a pure silky white, like Aunt Rilla's hair. As hers would be some day. She wondered where Scott would be then.

AGAINST her will the tears began seeping through her closed eyelids. Instantly he was on his knees before her.

"Why, Linda! You're crying!" he said, dismayed. "What is it? Tell me. Tell me!"

She could only stare at him helplessly and struggle to control the trembling of her chin. At the sight of that he put out his arms as if to gather her into them. "Oh, Linda, my darling! I thought we were so happy!"

But something, some desperate panic in her eyes, stopped him. His arms fell to his sides. There was a silence.

Then he said slowly, "You don't want me to do that, do you? Why? There's some reason. I know it. I've felt it all along."

Linda managed to say, "Yes. I'll tell you tomorrow. Oh, please not today. Let's be happy today!"

Her eyes pleaded with him. He said helplessly, "You're a funny girl, Linda. I don't understand you at all."

Linda could find no reply. He continued to kneel there, looking at her. At last he said quietly:

"Linda, will you marry me? At once?"

"Now, when Scott Barclay proposed marriage to you, what did you do? Did you accept his offer?"

"Certainly not. How could I? I was engaged to Clay."

"Oh. You wanted to accept him but—"

"I object, your Honor. That's not what the witness said!"

"Sustained. Until the argument of the case, it is not your place, Mr. Wilmott, to draw inferences from the witness' testimony. Proceed."

"You mean that you had no desire to marry Scott Barclay when he proposed?"

("The truth—the whole truth." What is the whole truth?) She said, rather pitifully, "Oh, I didn't know. I only knew I was happy with him. But I didn't consider marrying him. I was engaged to Clay. Besides, it would have ruined Scott to marry. He had no money."

At this, the prosecutor grinned shamelessly, while Linda's counsel drummed on the table with nervous fingers.

"Ah, he was too poor for you to consider marrying him! And Clay was rich. And you wanted to marry a rich man. Is that it?"

Two little lines of distress appeared between her eyes, and she said appealingly:

"No—no! You don't understand. I loved Clay. I had always loved Clay. I've told you that over and over."

"Oh, yes. You had always loved Clay, but not quite enough to marry him! And just when was it, Miss Stuart, that you learned that you did not need to marry Clay in order to get his money?"

Dull and uncomprehending, Linda looked at him. "I don't know what you mean," she said blankly. The prosecutor's explanation was blandness itself:

"Why, I simply mean that he told you and your aunt, did he not, just before he went on his last trip, that he had signed a will which left everything to you—whether you married him or not—in case of his death?"

Slowly in her face dawned the realization of where he was leading her, and her eyes looked black and enormous.

"Yes, that is true," she admitted. "He did tell me."

IT was so heavenly, hearing at last those words that she had longed for years to hear from Clay!

But habits of years held her in their grip. She had had no faith in the permanency of her friendship with Scott. Their ways lay so definitely apart. He had barely enough money for himself, and even if it were conceivable that she should run away from Clay as his mother had, what of Aunt Rilla, feeble, half blind, and needing her?

Impossible to think that Clay, jilted, would continue to make life easy and pleasant for Aunt Rilla. No, no—there was nothing Clay might not do, to her, to them both. Even to Scott.

All these things flashed through her mind as she stared back at him, resisting his embrace and yet longing with all her soul to surrender to it.

It was unthinkable. Clay had bound her by bands of steel and she felt them tightening around her. Steel? No. Brass—an imitation of a precious metal. Bound, held by brass—an alloy—resembling gold and yet not gold.

Under the impact of these thoughts Scott's face seemed to recede before her eyes.

"I'm sorry!" she whispered. "I should have told you. I can't bear to think that you should be hurt. I only didn't want it to be spoiled. And now," she ended miserably, "it's all spoiled anyway."

"Listen, Linda." He took her hands in his. "Is it because you belong to somebody else? That's it, isn't it? You see, I know nothing. I didn't want them to tell me. I felt that you would tell me when you were ready. Are you married?"

She shook her head.

"Then you're engaged to some one? Is that it?"

"Yes." At the sight of his face she exclaimed, "Oh, Scott, I have meant to tell you! Only I was too happy—"

"Why, that's all right, dear. If you're happy. If you love him. You do, don't you?"

His eyes searched hers and she replied in a low voice, "Yes. I've loved him ever since I was sixteen."

"Sixteen! How long have you been engaged to him, then?"

"I don't know—exactly. For about ten years."

"Ten years! My God, Linda, why didn't you marry him long ago?"

Into Linda's face came a stubborn, closed look. She stared at him with impenetrable eyes. It was that same unspoken question which she had read in faces all about her and had refused to answer for years and years.

Scott hesitated and then said abruptly: "Linda, stop me if I'm saying something that's none of my business. But if your young man hasn't earned enough in *ten years* to support a wife, surely he has no further claim on your loyalty. I admire you and respect you for sticking to a failure, but surely there are limits! I can only say this because I feel in my bones that you do love me a little—darling Linda—"

STILL she looked at him in silence, her eyes clouded. He said humbly, "Am I all wrong, Linda?"

A faint, sorrowful smile crossed her lips and her nod was barely perceptible.

"All right, Linda. You know best. Of course. Only remember, my darling, if you ever change your mind, if you ever need me, I'll be waiting for you. If I can have nothing else, I'll always love the memory of the sweetest, most adorable woman God ever put on this earth, like a flower, to make it more fragrant."

There were tears in his eyes and in Linda's as he helped her to her feet. For a second her fingers clung to him. "Thank you—oh, *thank you!* I can't explain. Truly I can't. Try to for-

give me." Then she managed a smile and said huskily, "Beat you down the hill!"

She was gone, as if pursued by devils, and slowly he followed. At the bottom, without exchanging a word, they climbed into her car and started for home. She drove doggedly, recklessly.

They shot dangerously close to a group of small boys straggling along the road. Scott said, trying to break through her constraint, "Cute little devils, aren't they? I love children, Linda."

Linda exclaimed violently, "I don't! I hate them!"

HE turned slowly with amazed, incredulous eyes. Her defiance melted into sheer misery, and seeing it his eyes softened. He put his hand over hers on the wheel.

"No, you don't, dear." He looked at the two tears which had fallen on his hand. Presently he said:

"Some day you're going to tell me why you said that—what this mystery is about. You who were born to be so happily normal—so—so fashioned for joy—and love—"

When they stopped in front of his little farmhouse, Scott came to her side and held the door open for her. But Linda shook her head. She knew that he was hurt, but for the life of her could not break through the icy reserve which shut her away—even from him.

But neither could she bring herself to start the engine which would separate them.

He laid his fingers on hers. "Will you come tomorrow?"

"If you still want me—now." Her voice was humble.

He groaned. "If I want you!" Then he took a deep breath; his hand fell to his side and he stepped back, so that she could go.

Around the bend of the road came a clatter of horse's hoofs. They had been deaf to any sounds which might have warned them of Clay's approach. As if in a dream they saw him come, saw him rein in sharply, saw him savagely quieting a nervous horse. As in a dream, too miserable to care, they saw him halt with a flourish of flying pebbles directly in front of Linda's car.

It was not until she lifted her head proudly and looked into Clay's face, so full of menace and a kind of triumph, that she realized the full significance of this meeting. What had she done to Scott? Why had she not told him? Too late now. "So Clay had to get this too!" she thought bitterly. She wondered what horrible interpretation he would put on their friendship.

Her voice shook a little as she said, "Well, Clay. This is a surprise. I thought you weren't getting back until Wednesday."

That was a mistake to be regretted instantly, for Clay replied meaningly, "That's quite evident!"

She tried to ignore it. "This is Mrs. Warren's nephew, Mr. Barclay. He inherited this property, you



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know, and is spending the summer here. Mr. Carroll."

"How do you do, Mr. Carroll?"

"How are you?" Clay turned back at once to Linda. "Are you going home now?" He added deliberately: "How has the car been behaving? I told Green to take a look at it the next time you could spare it for a day. But evidently"—he paused—"you've been using it quite constantly." The gleam in his eye was unmistakable.

Linda trembled. Possession! Flaunting his possession of her in Scott's face! With an effort she kept her voice steady. "Well, it's my car, you know!" she said lightly, and turned on the engine.

That, too, was a mistake. "That's right," he admitted, with a disagreeable laugh. He addressed himself to Scott: "I ought to know, having paid for it!"

Scott flushed but said nothing. His eyes sought Linda's. Suddenly seized with a white anger, she threw in the clutch without a word of farewell. The car shot forward, leaving the two men looking after her.

Blindly she let herself into the house—hurried upstairs. At the door of her room she encountered Aunt Rilla.

"Did you see Clay?" the old lady quavered anxiously. "He's back! He was here looking for you an hour ago. He said he'd be over again after supper. I told him you'd been gone all day again, just as you've been gone every day since he left—goodness knows where!"

For the first time in her life, Linda brushed past her roughly and closed the door in her face.

"So in spite of your precautions, Miss Stuart, Clay came home before you expected him and found you with Scott. Is that correct?"

"Yes." Linda's voice was barely audible.

"And did the scene which you say you had so dreaded ensue when he discovered what had been going on?"

She said helplessly, "No. Not exactly. Not the way you mean."

THAT night their frugal meal was eaten in silence, except for Aunt Rilla's voice droning on and on. At last the lamps were lighted—the girl Minnie had cleared away the dishes—and Aunt Rilla had drawn her rocker up to the lamp and settled her glasses to spell out painstakingly the items of interest in the Maplewood Courier. But Linda was not interested tonight. She slipped wearily into the garden, to the stone bench. There she tried to escape her apprehensive dread. Clay's course would become apparent soon enough. . . .

She became aware of him standing over her. Her muscles tensed automatically.

But there was no anger apparent in his voice as he greeted her: instead it was blithe and cheerful.

"Well, Linda, out here all alone? How about a kiss for the prodigal son?"

She rose and he took her in his arms and kissed her. She returned his gaze woodenly, trying to see into his mind. He laughed pleasurably. He seemed the epitome of all that was robust and hearty.

"Lord, it's good to be home again! The trip was a great success! We've got those fellows on the coast eating out of our hands. They tried to put over a few things, but your old man was too smart for them."

Voluble about it, he sat down and Linda sank beside him, weak with relief. She tried to follow what he was saying, and only succeeded in thinking irrelevantly how handsome he still was, and charming when he wanted to be. And how utterly incalculable at all times. Had he really determined to forget this afternoon?

While he talked he smiled and his hand opened and

closed rhythmically. "The sense of power, Linda! To know you can make people squeal for mercy. There's no other feeling just like it."

"No, I suppose not," she assented vaguely.

He lit a cigar. "How's Aunt Rilla?"

"She's well."

"I'll go in and say hello to her soon. I brought her a present."

"That's nice. She's looking forward to a visit with you."

"I have something for you, too. I'll save it until we go into the house where you can see it." In the gathering dusk Linda could detect nothing in his face but a large good nature.

She began to believe in it. She touched his knee almost with affection.

"Clay, you give me too many things!"

"Nonsense, my dear." He leaned back. His voice sounded placid in the growing darkness. "Well, and what have you been doing with yourself while I've been gathering in the shekels so that I could buy you more pretties? Amusing yourself, I hope?"

LINDA, steeling herself, replied lightly: "Why, yes, I always keep busy. There was the church supper, and the sewing club met at Laura's." How she had begrudged that afternoon away from Scott! "And then Aunt Rilla and I have been to the movies once or twice—"

"What did you see?"

"Oh, one of those Wild West pictures!" She laughed a little. "You know—'came-the-dawn' sort of thing. The kind of romantic nonsense that Aunt Rilla loves."

Clay laughed too, more heartily than the description warranted. "Aunt Rilla is not as romantic as she used to be, though." There was a tentative note in his voice.

Linda answered mildly, "No. I suppose every one gets less romantic as she gets older."

"How about you? Do you get less romantic?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so. We all do, don't we?"

"That's funny." Clay puffed gently at his cigar. "Because, from what that Barclay chap told me this afternoon, I'd say you were very romantic indeed!"

He said it so quietly that at first his words made no impression on Linda. Then she had a queer sensation of having stopped breathing.

"What did you say?"

"I said that, from what Scott Barclay told me about you, I gathered that you were not nearly such a cold little girl as I had imagined! He said that he had found you easy enough!"

Linda felt herself growing numb. "Scott Barclay told you that?" she said slowly.

Clay laughed deprecatingly. "Well, he hadn't intended to. But I made him tell me everything. I make every one tell me what I want to know. Don't you know that?"

Then his voice rasped out savagely: "I find out that my back was no sooner turned than you embarked on this little adventure—this cheap love affair! Going shamelessly to his house! You can't deny that!"

Linda's voice was dangerously quiet. "No."

"You see? You needn't try to deny any of it, because he told me everything! I found out just what I expected—you women are all alike. There isn't one of you that can be trusted!"

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 19

- 1—In 1930 it was 332,397.
- 2—The Rail-splitter and Honest Abe.
- 3—In 1746 at Elizabethtown, New Jersey.
- 4—A white person of French or Spanish descent in the Gulf states of the United States.
- 5—James Watt of Glasgow, Scotland, 1769.
- 6—About 93,000,000 miles.
- 7—About 35,400 feet, in the Pacific.
- 8—May 9, 1926.
- 9—From the library of.

- 10—Twelve.
- 11—Pius XI.
- 12—Arrangement of light and shadow in painting.
- 13—It came originally from Africa.
- 14—The performance of more than is required by duty.
- 15—Mary Pickford.
- 16—The Mayflower.
- 17—Charles Martin Hall.
- 18—William C. Dukinfield.
- 19—Plants and animals.
- 20—Wool, or wool and fur or hair compressed by beating with the aid of moisture and heat.

That insulting accusation—to Linda! Was Clay, long possessed of a green-eyed devil, insane on the subject of woman's faithlessness? And was his mania now to goad him to lengths that would justify murder?—if Linda is a murderess? Read next week's installment of Brass-bound!

SO THE LUSITANIA WENT DOWN

Well, what of it?



"What of it?" you cry. "The whole world was shocked. For days the newspapers talked of nothing else."

Well, but what of it? After all, it was a little thing.

How many Lusitanias would have to go down to carry all the dead and missing soldiers and the dead civilians of the great World War?

One Lusitania a day.

For a year.

For 10 years.

For 25 years.

For 50 years.

One Lusitania a day for 70 years, or one a week, beginning nearly a century before the discovery of America by Columbus and continuing to the present hour.

That is the number of Lusitanias that would be required to carry the dead. The dead of all nations who died in the war.



This advertisement, written by Bruce Barton, painted by W. J. Aylward and presented here through the co-operation of LIBERTY and the courtesy of the AMERICAN MAGAZINE, is the first exhibit of an educational campaign dramatizing the horrors of war; a cam-

paign which Henry Ewald has called "a bold, practical plan which dwarfs all former use of advertising." Co-operation to develop this campaign into a persistent, extensive, efficient drive for Peace is invited by World Peaceways, 103 Park Avenue, N.Y. City.



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